*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*

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## AN ONLOOKER IN UPPER SILESIA

BY SANFORD GRIFFITH

THE application of democratic methods, as a plebiscite in regions where such institutions are unknown, has produced strange results in Central Europe. I visited Upper Silesia before and during the plebiscite, March 20th, to find out how the plebiscite ideal worked in application. In East and West Prussia, where the Germans had a large majority, it had been parodied by the Prussian authorities. How would it work here where Germans and Polish sympathizers were about evenly divided?

For nearly two years, plebiscite preparations were made by parties who never really wanted it. The German Government proposed to keep these provinces, whatever the people there might want, on the simple ground that the region is essential to Germany's economic life. The Poles wanted the coal on the same grounds, backing their pretensions by flimsy historical arguments.

The French, too, who presided at the Upper Silesian plebiscite, were sceptical of any democratic idea introduced since the French Revolution, and above all, were opposed to pervasive ideas which might be turned to the advantage of their late enemies.

The day of the plebiscite, despite the gloomy predictions of everybody, passed off with a calm and correctness which might well be copied in elections anywhere. At the twenty-odd polling places I visited in as many different towns, I found that some

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ninety-five per cent of the population registered had quietly voted.

The real parody of the spirit of the plebiscite—a free determination of peoples—came before and after. Both Poles and Germans used every weapon of propaganda from gold to dynamite to convert or to constrain the population to their way of thinking.

The Poles are for the most part peasants on the large estates, and miners. The remainder of the population is the German overlord-class, and comprises the land- and mine-owners, the manufacturers, and an army of omnipresent functionaries.

Curiously enough, social issues at no time came to the foreground during the plebiscite. Upper Silesia in this respect is very backward. Over sixty per cent of the land is owned by some seven princes and landlords, and these are among the fifteen richest men in Germany. The peasants live in almost feudal relations to their lord. They receive a wage not over half of that paid in some other parts of Germany. The condition of the Polish miners is almost as bad. Wages here before the war were thirty per cent lower than elsewhere in Germany. To visit these mining towns to-day makes a painful impression. The workers are badly housed. The children were barefoot at the beginning of March, and show retarded development from three years of malnutrition.

The democratic ideal in a plebiscite presumes not only that order be maintained at the polls, but that the people voting know approximately what sort of government they want. Both Germans and Poles, however, conducted their propaganda on the presumption that the people did not know. Instead of giving them political ideas however they played up their aversions. The keynote of the entire campaign was hatred. Germans and Poles were very much like two bankrupts who each imagined that he could patch up his business by proving the bankruptcy of the other. The vote therefore was less a positive political affirmation than a popular expression of what the people did *not* want to be.

The nature of this propaganda gives a clue to the degree of political development of the inhabitants. Neither Germans nor

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Poles introduced abstract political ideas such as freedom of speech, local government, and the like. Both made their main appeal on economic grounds. Successful German propaganda showed the shrinkage in the buying power of the Polish mark as compared with the German. Posters which pictured the more or less imaginary prosperity of the Upper Silesians living in neat little German houses, while across the way a poor Pole sat disconsolately on a manure pile with only a tumbled-down thatch, were less convincing. The natives of Upper Silesia were accustomed to see Polish farmers at markets, and knew that at least conditions on the other side were not much worse than at home.

The Poles stopped at no material appeal. They pictured the poor Pole crushed down by a mighty weight of German taxes and war reparations. Another poster showed a butcher wearing a spiked helmet, sharpening a knife for a calf standing by with the inscription under it: "Only a stupid calf walks in to the slaughter." The Poles circulated the article of the peace-terms which required the Germans to replace cows and other cattle. Dr. Korfanty, in contrast, recklessly promised the Polish supporter free cows, free land, and whatever else took their fancy at the moment.

Practically no emphasis however was put upon social issues. Both the German and Polish Governments avoided them. The natives, too, have finally gone off in a political frenzy without asking themselves what change this or that government would bring into the ownership of mines and land or the improvement of working conditions. The Poles, however, circulated one effective poster, borrowed no doubt from the French Revolution, showing the peasant crushed down by a plank upon which stood a Lutheran pastor, a German Jewish banker and a Prussian officer.

The strongest Polish appeal has been the religious one. They picture the Polish White Virgin protecting Upper Silesian children in the folds of her cloak from a mad ape wearing a Prussian helmet. Another shows a friendly old bishop welcoming his children to Polish soil "made holy by the blood of a thousand martyrs," as one effective pamphlet concludes.

Religion plays the largest part in the political life of the Poles. Even Communist meetings in Upper Silesia, where Moscow should

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supply the guiding Soviet star, have been broken up in disputes as to whether the White Mother of God (the Polish Virgin) or the Black one (German) has superior powers. The former is usually more popular because it is known that she understands only prayers in Polish, and hence is attentive to appeals in the local dialect. No Communist would think, for example, of not taking his children to be baptized or of not sending them to communion. Outside Communists hoped that they could induce the Poles to register a vote of protest by putting in a ballot for Moscow. But the religious issue predominated, and most Upper Silesian Polish communists voted Catholic Polish.

Hatred has been the key-note of propaganda in Upper Silesia. The result of two years of agitation has been to intensify racial differences to a point where it is becoming impossible for German and Polish sympathizers to work side by side. Where the Germans have a majority they are ousting the Poles. In towns such as Beuthen, where they are about equally divided, they live in constant fear of one another.

The people have developed a hearty fear as well as hatred for each other. During the day of the plebiscite I found the various military missions overloaded with appeals for help from people who expected hourly to be murdered. Nearly every village requested the Allies to grant them a division of troops the day of the plebiscite. Oftentimes both Poles and Germans sought help.

"Everybody in Upper Silesia is armed," a British district commander remarked to me. "Whether we raid German or Polish houses we collect a pile of arms." He showed me the list of a day's haul which comprised nine heavy machine-guns, three trench-morters, and several bushels of hand-grenades. "All these were preparations for the plebiscite, and would no doubt have been used had we not doubled our garrisons," the officer added with a laugh.

The British Colonel wore several rows of war-medals, but assured us that he had never been under such constant strain as on this Silesian front.

While we were chatting with him the day before the plebiscite, at least a dozen appeals came in for help. From one village two delegations, one Polish and the other German, came at almost

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the same time asking to be saved from each other. "We are being murdered. Help us before it is too late," was their common cry. The first delegation consisted of two husky Polish miners who fumbled their caps. Each looked appealingly to the other to be spokesman. "But how many killed are there?" the Colonel always insisted. The miners finally admitted that as yet there were none, but that there might be many.

The German plebiscite chairman made an eloquent appeal for a company of soldiers to protect his house from frightful Polish bands. "But is your house actually being stormed?" the Colonel questioned. "Not yet," the chairman admitted, but pointed out that there were several groups of Poles on the streets. "Were you in the army?" the Colonel asked. The man admitted that he was. "Then you should know that a standing army is not attacking," the Colonel answered reassuringly.

One of the German delegations we saw was of Poles who had been identified with the German frontier police, the so-called German "*Stosstrupps*." They therefore feared their fellow Polish citizens. There had been four brothers. Two of them had been killed during the past month by bombs thrown in through their parlor window. The Colonel, however, made it clear that he did not intend to supply British body-guards for German assault-troops any more than he did for Polish, and promised them support only when their lives were actually menaced.

The terrorization in Upper Silesia was a reality which was bound to influence the plebiscite. The country, with a wide assortment of conflicting jurisdictions, has become an eldorado for highwaymen from both Germany and Poland who welcomed a democratic plebiscite as the one assuring them the greatest freedom for their own operations. But there are also political causes for discontent. The bitterness of the Upper Silesian Poles against Prussia is much like that of the Irish of South Ireland against the English. They regard the latter as the outsiders. They it is who hold all the public offices, who collect the taxes, who recruited for the army, and who are the foremen on the large estates and the mines. They too are Protestants, and oblige the natives to contribute to the maintenance of Protestant churches.

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This latent hostility began to take positive form only under Bismarck's restrictions of the local Polish dialect and his vigorous German colonization policy. It deepened under the heavy war burdens and was fanned into flame after the armistice by agitation from all sides. The region was dominated and terrorized by so-called frontier defense armies, which were actually the remnants of the old Prussian army partly subsidized if not directed by a German Socialist Government. They were really intent on taking out on the Poles what they were unable to give the French. These bands made no distinction between the local Poles, many of whom had been loyal German soldiers throughout the war, and the neighboring Poles. They brutally suppressed Polish sympathies wherever they found them, with the result that they embittered an entire population which had been passive under Prussian rule.

I called upon Dr. Korfanty, the Polish Plebiscite Commissioner, on my arrival at Beuthen. He has his headquarters at the Hotel Lomnitz. It could be recognized by the fact that there are always a number of old American army cars before the door doing Polish courier service.

A group of surly, strong-armed men, unwashed and collarless, eyed me suspiciously as I passed. Others with bulging hip-pockets lounged out of the neighboring wine-room at the first notice. No one passes up the stairs without a signed credential.

The disused elevator-shaft was incased in heavy wire-netting. This was to discourage visitors from throwing bombs up the shaft. The railing, too, was wired for the same reason. At the top floor was a heavy iron gate. Behind this was the retreat of Dr. Korfanty. But to reach his office it was necessary to pass through a series of corridors and two other offices.

Finally I was in the presence of the Polish defender of Polish ambition and the head of the Polish campaign in Upper Silesia. One could not fail to observe that there was an intentional simplicity about this office. There was a broken-down washstand, a slop-jar, several tables piled high with papers, and a few remnants of food strewn here and there. A large map, showing historic frontiers of Poland extending across Europe, adorned one wall. There was a cheap print of Kosciuszko receiving a Polish flag

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alongside it. I noticed that Dr. Korfanty's windows were also heavily wired, undoubtedly to stop bombs which might be tossed from across the way.

Dr. Korfanty gave something the impression of a prisoner in a self-constructed cell. He had an unwholesome pallor, and a certain heaviness of gesture which goes with life-timers. He admitted that he was convinced he would be murdered at sight were he to appear on the streets of Beuthen.

His explanations of the Polish case and of the methods used in Upper Silesia were more astute than convincing. He attacked the Germans for terrorization. When one of his guests suggested that the Poles might also have used similar methods, Dr. Korfanty only half denied the charge, saying modestly, "We do not pretend to be angels." When charged with spending large sums of money for propaganda purposes Korfanty replied indignantly, "We are honest in our propaganda. We have not spent nearly as much money as the Germans. What's more, I've never put my name to anything compromising."

Korfanty takes particular pains with foreign correspondents. Before the pressure of business became too great, he made himself familiar with the writing of the man he was to meet, and casually referred to one of his articles in the course of conversation. During interviews, his secretary will sometimes burst hastily in with a telegram of some new German atrocity. The night I was first there a telegram, brought at the opportune moment, read that Germans at a frontier-town had held up a train of Polish plebiscite voters.

No visit to the Lomnitz is complete without meeting Moritz, the faithful wolf-dog of Korfanty. When his master opens the door of an adjoining room this beast dashes out with a fierce growl ready to attack the calf of any unfriendly visitor. A timid Dutch journalist decided to placate him with a pat and a "nice doggy," but Dr. Korfanty pulled him back with a warning, "Don't touch him. He bit a French journalist the other day."

Whether an Upper Silesian feels himself a Pole or a German is entirely a matter of environment. If he is an educated man and made a living by a profession in Upper Silesia or elsewhere in Germany, he must have effaced his early Polish training, because

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as such he cannot advance as teacher, lawyer or priest. An architect at Beuthen told me that he had met so many obstacles with a Polish-sounding name that he had finally felt obliged to change it. A Catholic priest at Deutsch Piakar described the misery of his Upper Silesian boyhood in changing from one world to the other. "During my early years at home," he said, "I heard nothing but the native Polish dialect. Then I was put into school, a typical Prussian one taught by an outsider (Prussian) who didn't understand a word of our dialect. We did not understand German, but were not permitted to speak a word of anything else. Those early years of study were a nightmare. I found the same discrimination against us even in the church. Instead of being permitted to remain here in the region I was sent to a poor Berlin parish. Natives of the region in the Prussian system had no chance of advancing and rarely of getting posts in the region. Their only hope on selling their souls was to find a subordinate post somewhere else in Germany."

This priest was to all appearances a cultivated German student. He was open in criticizing the unscrupulous propaganda methods used by both sides. It was evident, however, that he had revolted against the old system and that he regarded the plebiscite of that day as the beginning of freedom. He took us up a large hill back of the church. We passed by a holy shrine to which natives come from miles about to adore. I thought his mind was upon this, but no, he took us up to the top and pointed to a little stream winding in among the hills below. Beyond it were a few cottages and huts. "There is the frontier, and that is Poland's," he said.

Urbanek is for the Germans in Upper Silesia what Korfanty is for the Polish sympathizers. He too is a native of the region and is just as fanatical in his German solidarity as the Polish armored knight of Beuthen is in his. He is supposed, however, to be more scrupulous in his methods. His headquarters were in Kattowitz.

I visited him two days after the plebiscite. As his hotel has been raided twice by Polish enthusiasts, he too has resorted to barricade methods. A large iron door with a grill at the top now opens cautiously when visitors apply.

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Urbanek's office also was at the end of an intricate corridor, so that any enemy trying to reach him would have to pass over the dead bodies of some hundred and twenty-two stenographers, tract-writers and messenger boys.

The Leitmotif of all German propagandists in Upper Silesia is Polish atrocities. Urbanek received us joyfully, reassuring us that he had an entirely new stock of stories for us. While awaiting the legal adviser, I looked about the room. It was in severe simplicity, like that of Korfanty. There was not, however, the conscious simplicity symbolized by dirty breakfast dishes that I had found by the hero of Beuthen. Dr. Urbanek had his desk cleared for action, and gave the impression of being a highly efficient functionary. He, like Dr. Korfanty, is a native of the region, using propagandist weapons with an elegance and astuteness which the usual propagandist from Brandenburg could hardly have used.

The legal adviser finally came in with two large folders of affidavits—"all crimes which have been committed by the Poles in the last ten days," he explained to us. But I had not time to wait. He therefore passed them over to me so that I might feel how heavy they were.

At this moment there was a dramatic cry. "My people of Anhalt are being massacred." A young man in clergymen's stock came into the room. His face was tense, and his eyes a trifle protruding from fear. In a nervous, high voice he began his tale. From time to time his companion, also a pastor from Kattowitz, chimed in with a note of resignation, as much as to say, "God's will be done." That the little Protestant colony of Anhalt was being massacred seemed to us very probable in view of the uprising there a year before when Polish bands burned down half the village. We therefore listened sympathetically, determined to do anything we could to bring the matter to the attention of the French authorities.

The massacre, however, reduced itself to threats and menaces, and a fear that something might happen. The only real violence was from a Pole who had waved a pistol in an unpleasantly suggestive fashion under the pastor's nose when he left town the day before.

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The village of Anhalt is a little group of some three hundred Protestants, an old Saxon colony originally in the midst of a hostile Catholic Poland but transplanted here by Frederick the Great. Now it is again the centre of a hostile Catholic people who threaten to take revenge for Prussian bureaucratic oppression upon this harmless, peaceful community. We took the pastor with us to the Interallied Commission at Oppeln. Since my last visit I have been told that the colony has felt obliged to flee for safety.

Anything seemed possible the day of the plebiscite. The Allied commanders had told us that they had tanks and troops ready to move, and expected bloodshed. Appeals for help were coming in by the hundreds. One of these made repeatedly throughout the night seemed urgent enough to the commander to cause him to send a couple of trucks full of French troops to the rescue. The French lieutenant commanding asked me to join him as interpreter. We found a trembling German plebiscite committee member. It appears that during the night a Polish band had broken down his door and threatened to kill him for having supposedly denounced the movements of one of their Sokols. But this had happened at two in the morning, and we arrived on the spot about ten o'clock. The appeal for a company of troops seemed a trifle late. It was finally reduced to a humble request from the German inhabitants that Polish boys be kept off the streets during the day. "What are their parents for?" asked the French lieutenant innocently.

The German Commissioner at Beuthen promised us any number of atrocities. We therefore agreed to take a turn with him, and cover the plebiscite much as a police-reporter does a day's beat.

He took us to the villages about Deutsch Piakar, a German frontier town, and began a futile search for atrocities. We found a German who asserted that he had not been permitted to vote. After getting the support of the six local policemen, although there was no indication that the Poles used force to keep him away, the German Commissioner took him triumphantly to the polls.

This, after all, was not an atrocity, and the German Commis-

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sioner felt that our day was not what it should have been. As we neared Deutsch Piakar he pointed to a group of boys dressed in their Sunday-best, and whispered triumphantly, "Polish assault troops." "But I see no arms," I objected incredulously. "They all have pistols in their pockets," the Commissioner assured me. The British answered a German appeal for help from a Polish assault troop. When troops arrived on the spot they found an assault troop,—a squad of young Poles playing football.

But violence there has been and will continue to be. Villages which have a large majority in Germany, as in East-Prussia, will make life intolerable for Polish sympathizers who live there.

Nearby was the estate of Tillie Winckler, one of the largest land and mine owners of the region. We discovered that his property had not been in the least disturbed by the miners even though he had openly declared his German sympathies. He was fairly popular among the workers then. Many of the German foremen were also not molested. Several Germans, however, who were particularly unpopular had been pitched out of their houses that day.

I would conclude, therefore, that the hostility among the miners and peasants has no direct social significance, and only a secondary political one. It is primarily personal, and directed against Prussian officials who made themselves particularly disliked.

No frontiers have, as I write, been given to Upper Silesia. Unrest continues, and the Allies find themselves under the necessity of keeping garrisons there. The plebiscite was not decisive enough in the industrial triangle to make a division purely in line with popular will a practical one.

From these difficulties, however, it should not be concluded that a democratic method such as a plebiscite has no place in settling frontier questions among backward peoples. In Upper Silesia the plebiscite had the positive result of showing the world that a million Poles refuse to remain with Prussia. This discord the Germans themselves would never have admitted. That they choose to join Poland should settle, and undoubtedly will settle according to both British and French plans, the fate of Pless and Rybnik. Here the people by a large majority want to

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go Polish. Through their will, demonstrated in the plebiscite, and from nothing else, Poland has claims to them.

The same plebiscite proved the emptiness of Polish claims west of the Oder, and to the region including and north of Oppeln. It does not, however, settle the real matter of discord, the industrial triangle. Here both Germans and Poles have good claims. But it is certain that neither the German nor Polish solutions would give sufficient security and order for successful exploitation of the region unless the rights of minorities, who are bound to remain there, are fully protected in the original spirit of justice which inspired the plebiscite.

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# FUTURE IMMIGRATION

BY FRANCES KELLOR

THE passage of the law, operative for a period of a little more than one year, which limits immigration to 3 per cent of the number recorded under the 1910 census, marks a new era in immigration legislation. Its significance lies less in the fact that it provides against an emergency created by numbers than that it ignores the traditional conception of the United States as an asylum for the oppressed and persecuted peoples of the world. An amendment exempting political refugees was proposed in the House and passed. An amendment exempting refugees from religious persecution was proposed in the House and defeated. The Senate declined to adopt either of the proposed exemptions, so we may conclude that, after mature deliberation, the policy of this country is now shorn of a loose idealism which practice has often belied. The country, by this law, places immigration on a wholly economic basis and makes its affairs international in their future practical operation.

This modification of American tradition and law is the culmination of profound changes which have been taking place almost unnoted in our American life. These changes have altered our conception of our country to the extent that we now believe it to be economically independent of immigration in the sense that industries and production can proceed unhampered without it. It is a question now of the pace, rather than of the necessity. The question of a labor supply to develop industry has thus become subsidiary to the larger economic questions of international commerce and finance from which immigration seems likely to be inseparable in the future. This tendency is increased by the fact that the United States has become an emigration as well as an immigration country. Once the flow of immigration is established on fairly even terms in both directions,

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economic laws alone will prevail, modified only in such ways as the political and social concepts may determine.

It will help us to understand how these modifications have taken place, if we recall the conditions of immigration before the war. The early immigrant heard stories of conquest and of fabulous wealth to be had for the seeking, and the spirit of adventure lured him from his native country. Leaving his native land was a simple affair. He sold his property, "packed up his family," and left. These pioneers were followed by the more cautious ones, who awaited assurances of the success of their predecessors. Later, immigration depended largely upon prepaid tickets and definite promises of work or assistance. In this way, immigration became first a racial matter, and then, later, almost a family affair. To-day, practically 80 per cent of all immigrants travel on prepaid tickets, their departure having been stimulated, and their reception and distribution managed, through racial channels.

This ascendency of a racial system of selection and assimilation occurred because the desire of the American immigrant to bring over his relatives and friends, and their willingness to come, fitted the policy of the foreign Governments whose nationals they were. European countries were flush with population. They seemed fairly secure in their power. They had men to spare, and when their subjects did not like conditions in their own countries their emigration was encouraged. It was reckoned more profitable to expedite the emigration of rebellious or ambitious subjects than to provide educational facilities, to grant lands, to increase economic opportunities, or to abolish class distinctions. The only effective barriers were those erected by countries of immigration. These were set up as the result of violent contests carried on between those who wanted immigration and those who were opposed. Countries of origin regarded such contests with indifference, if not detachment, since the individual immigrant was primarily the person affected.

But the war upset the system and set Europe thinking. Some of the countries involved in the war found a considerable percentage of their fighting forces in other lands or in alien armies. Many of their emigrants did not respond when the recall was

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sounded. Even the spirit of sacrifice, when measured by relief funds and service, did not meet the expectations of the native land. This experience, when viewed in connection with the prospect of future wars, of slow economic rehabilitation, and of the instability of the Governments of some of the new nations, has created doubts about the wisdom of continuing pre-war immigration policies. Then, too, the problems facing Europe in securing foreign markets, in enlarging fiscal policies, together with the fear of American economic power, are making European Governments exceedingly reluctant to contribute gratuitously an adult population to build up a greater America. The emigrant is now regarded as an asset that can be used to advantage in the international economic struggle.

But the war also set the American thinking more seriously about immigration. His experience with alien enemies, his discovery through war activities of the persistence of racial traits, his realization of the delay in Americanization, and his closer acquaintance with racial colonies, societies and press, are transforming racial detachment into positive antagonism. His faith in automatic assimilation has given way to apprehension. He, too, has become distrustful of the wisdom of past immigration policies.

This distrust is the background of the present demand for the suspension of immigration. It accounts for the willingness of the American to believe that millions of immigrants are coming to this country, even when it has been shown that the capacity of steamships will limit the number to less than a million a year. Instead of accepting facts, the American constructs phantom ships. This distrust is the basis upon which new laws are enacted. These laws are intended to safeguard the country from "undesirables" even when the immigration law already excludes them. This distrust explains the panic over typhus at a time when the quarantine law, under Presidential proclamation, could have been invoked to suspend all immigration from all areas where disease prevails. Always on the defensive and inclined strongly toward restriction, the American has now come to regard restriction if not suspension of immigration as a national necessity.

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With both America and Europe in favor of curtailing emigration, it would seem that the policies would be in harmony. But, unfortunately, the spirit of retaliation and the desire of countries to take advantage of each other are the motives behind the policies. When Americans talk percentage restriction, it is with the intention of "skimming the cream off the populations of Europe." When Europeans talk about curtailment they have in mind capitalizing their emigration for purposes of national rehabilitation or for international trade expansion. An attempt on America's part to handpick immigrants in a stranger's garden will meet with the same reception as an attempt on the part of European countries to withhold their nationals from American naturalization and assimilation. The misunderstanding which will arise from such efforts will be concerned less with the amount of immigration than with the status of aliens in the various countries.

The American attitude of mind is not especially disposed to regard the immigrant as an international human being. Neither is it concerned with much more than numbers. Proceeding upon the assumption that this country will continue to be a favored one for immigration, the American sees no need to change the national policy of dealing with the individual immigrant. He reasons that thirteen millions foreign-born people, and as many more whose ancestors were born abroad, will supply this country with more immigrants than it needs; that the vast areas of uncultivated lands, the thousands of deserted farms, and the regions not reached by railways and as yet undeveloped by irrigation are a sufficient attraction for future immigrants. He thinks the aspirations of American business men to increase production and develop markets will maintain wage rates and standards of living which for many years to come will be the envy of Europe. He believes the American form of government to be superior to any other and that men who are satisfied with economic conditions in their native countries will, nevertheless, come to America to obtain liberty, equality and fraternity. He sees nothing but an unlimited supply of immigrants and believes that all this country needs to do is to open or close its doors at will. To him it is unthinkable that there will not always be a long waiting list.

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But evidences are accumulating which indicate that this position is not as tenable as before the war. The census figures for 1920 have proved a great surprise. They show that in the past decade, the gain in population from immigration has been but 2.6 per cent, or about 358,442: an average gain of 30,000 per year. During that period the immigration reports show that 5,715,811 immigrants entered the country, and 2,174,123 returned. In other words, for every two immigrants who entered, approximately one returned, giving this country a turnover in its immigrant population of 50 per cent. There is also an unknown quantity to be accounted for. If the gain was but 358,442, the question is what became of the three million who are not included in the increase or in the departures.

The European attitude of mind, on the other hand, is tending steadily in the direction of international coöperation. There are many new questions which seem to have no method of solution except through international agreement; there are many prevailing practices in individual countries which are viewed with disquietude. For instance, the American practice of regarding races as equally desirable, while characterizing certain immigrants as unwelcome, does not carry with it an assurance of confidence to countries vitally concerned with the success of their emigrants. Such nations would prefer a more definite understanding with this country. Then, too, countries having a large emigration have long regarded, as a matter for future adjustment, the waste and exploitation inherent in an immigration based upon individual impulse and initiative. Their statesmen have followed the history of emergency legislation in the United States with a good deal of care, and many of them have about reached the conclusion that they cannot afford to depend upon the United States as the chief future outlet for their surplus population. They regard the intelligent placement of manpower by the Government as part of a national economic policy, as a matter of far too great importance to the native country for individual immigrants to continue to roam about the world at will.

How fast or how slowly this state of mind will operate to change the conditions under which emigration will take place depends upon European conditions now in process of adjustment. That



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changes in immigration policies will accompany, rather than wait upon, such adjustments is everywhere apparent. Many countries are improving working and living conditions, distributing land, granting political freedom, improving educational facilities, creating new opportunities with the intention of keeping emigrants at home. They are making provision with equal care for emigration where that is advisable.

In accordance with the belief that its immigrants were not especially desired by the United States, Italy has issued a decree suspending immigration to the United States. It took similar action with regard to Brazil a number of years ago, when conditions of settlement in that country were unsatisfactory. It is now perfecting negotiations with South American countries and Mexico to receive immigration; and a commercial corporation, endorsed by the Government, is being organized to handle its distribution in a businesslike way. Sweden has a semi-official anti-emigration society which is having a marked effect, not only in decreasing emigration, but also in inducing many Scandinavians in the United States to return home. In certain European countries, where the Canadian Government has sought to reëstablish its colonization offices which existed before the war, it has been informed that no stimulation of emigration will be welcomed, as the policy is now definitely against emigration.

But not less significant than these nationalist movements are the international agreements now being negotiated in Europe. The object of such treaties is to locate the surplus population of one country in a country that needs labor, under conditions that will not prove burdensome to either. Such treaties possess the advantage of locating nationals within immediate call in case of war, and of providing living conditions which keep them fit.

Typical of them is the treaty between Czecho-Slovakia and France, under date of March, 1920. These Governments mutually agree to grant all administrative facilities to citizens of each country and their families who repair to their countries for labor purposes, as well as for repatriation. It also authorizes the collective registration of workmen. It provides in general that immigrant workmen, for equal labor, shall receive the same rate of pay as nationals in the same category, and that they will

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enjoy the same protection accorded to native workmen. It provides for the payment of pensions, indemnities and compensation for injuries upon terms as satisfactory to foreign as to native born workmen. Inspectors and correspondents who speak the language of the immigrant workmen are to be employed by the country of domicile to see that these provisions are carried out. No especial authorization is required for nationals either to enter or leave the country of domicile. But they may secure a contract of registration, in which case they will be directed to their destination and may receive free shelter and care *en route*. These centres will also provide employment. If employment is unobtainable the native Government will be advised and provision will be made for their return. Under organized registration, the two Governments fix by common accord the number and category of workmen who will be the object of registration in a way not to harm either the economical development of the country or of the workmen. A joint commission meets at least once a year to determine the number and kind of immigrants, the transportation, sanitary protection and other measures necessary to their transfer. Registration is effected through the central labor office and careful inquiry is made into conditions in establishments in the country applying for labor in another country, as to strikes and lockouts and labor agitation. Approved demands for labor are then transmitted through diplomatic channels to the country where registration is to take place. The conditions under which the savings of immigrants may be transferred to the savings banks of the native country are prescribed.

But it has remained for the League of Nations, through the International Emigration Commission of the International Labor Office, to indicate the trend of European immigration policies. By means of a questionnaire, and the appointment of a correspondent in each country, including our own, this Commission proposes to discuss at the session August second and report its findings at the Fall meeting of the League of Nations, concerning the following questions:

Of ensuring, by agreement between the countries of emigration, of transit and of immigration, the best application of the national laws by coöperation between different countries; of simplifying and unifying the formalities to be

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accomplished in the different countries as regards the entry and departure of migrants, so as to ensure their full efficacy with a minimum of inconvenience to those concerned; of ensuring to immigrants recourse to efficacious tribunals with the services of competent professional advisers, interpreters, assistants.

. . .

The elimination of agents interested in promoting emigration, and their replacement by competent public officials entrusted with furnishing information to future emigrants; the creation of national systems of labor exchanges and information offices in the countries of emigration and immigration; the abolition of the system of "Padroni" and the institutions exploiting immigrant workers; the protection of emigrants handicapped by their ignorance of the national language and methods of work.

But of the greatest significance is the proposal to determine if the International Labor Office is to be entrusted with the following tasks:

Adjusting, if possible, the difficulties which may arise in regard to questions of emigration of workers between countries of immigration and emigration; studying the means of coördinating, in agreement with the governments concerned, the legislation of different nations so as to reduce the points of unnecessary friction; ensuring the application of the measures of an international character which the Governments may deem proper to establish by common accord with a view to the satisfactory working of their national laws concerning migrations; protecting immigrants who are not entitled to consular protection; supervising the application of the international conventions which may be concluded relating to the recruiting of workers in foreign countries; coöperating in the organization of labor exchanges for immigrants and emigrants; and establishing systems of recording international statistics of emigration.

With this trend of thought, it can only be a question of time when the immigration treaty and international conference and joint Commission will be presented to this country as a means of solving some aspects of immigration hitherto but hardly considered. As our forefathers framed consular treaties to enable the young country to grow; as they adopted commercial treaties to enable the new country to prosper; as they framed naturalization conventions to enable the ambitious country to protect its citizens all over the world; so we to-day may frame immigration treaties which will enable this country, still young, to safeguard a future inseparably linked with the past of many peoples from European lands.

FRANCES KELLOR.

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# TEACHING VERSUS BUSINESS

## WHY I REMAIN A TEACHER

### BY A COLLEGE PROFESSOR

NEARLY three years ago, pedagogues were leaving their desks to go into the offices and laboratories of certain "essential" industries, in order that their abilities might be put to the greatest advantage in helping to win the war. Some of them never went back to the classroom. One in particular I recall, who, in a magazine article, by means of many complaints against teaching, explained why he remained in Industry. Will you permit me the same cloak of anonymity, so that I may dare to explain why I find it conceivable that a man might not want to return to Industry who had voluntarily gone from it into the vocation of teaching? My pen sticks a little at the use of the term "industry" as wholly distinguishing business life from work in a college classroom and office. Some college professors are industrious, and some business men are not. But after all, any terms will do, so long as they are understood.

The commonest and most obvious arguments against college teaching are all reducible to terms of dollars and cents. Low salaries, meager facilities for work, slow promotion and the benevolent or superior attitude of that section of the public which evaluates a man by what it knows he is paid; these are some of the forms.

A second group of considerations has to do with depressing academic tradition, as, for instance, the importance placed upon titles and degrees for their own sakes, leading to a sort of academic oligarchy, with its attendant envies, jealousies and injustices; and the existence of an artificial code that makes it difficult for a college teacher to seek readjustment or self-advancement.

There is a third argument even more difficult to condense because of the many forms in which it appears. It cites the effect

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which any long period of teaching has upon the teacher himself. Its upholders refer to the evil effects of constant association with immature minds. They claim that it produces a certain arbitrary or dictatorial mode,—an unconscious affectation of omniscience. They call attention to the "professorial manner," which corresponds to that of the clergyman and the doctor and the dentist.

Then there is the alleged effect of an abnormally cloistered life, a resultant tendency to unpracticality, to a certain ingenuousness, a weakening simplicity in affairs of the world. College professors tend to become visionary, with specialization carried so far that sane judgments outside the special field become impossible. Even within their special fields they are merely theorists who never test their own theories in practice.

A fourth argument is closely related to this. A community made up of specialists, and impecunious specialists at that, each immersed in his own pursuit, is an unsatisfactory community in which to live. Its life must be narrow, and narrowing. One's neighbors are all of the same sort. The days become full of petty annoyances. There is over-much gossip and squabbling.

Finally there is the argument that the college teacher is denied complete intellectual freedom. He "is stifled in an atmosphere of intellectual censorship."

I trust that I have made the indictment against the profession sufficiently strong. I have heard all these charges stated in one form or another and have turned them this way and that, to study them as fairly as I may, in the light of my own problem.

First of all, do not expect me, in defending the business of teaching, to defend the whole social fabric of our time. Colleges are not unrelated to the world about them. They are a part of it. I must keep in mind the question "Teaching *versus* Business: which shall it be in this present-day world—for myself?" The siren of Business strums some alluring chords. It sings of good pay, of merit promptly rewarded, of complete facilities for work, mental or physical. It points to men of apparently poorer equipment at the start who now enjoy a vastly greater number of luxuries. It hints of practical idealism in the study and application of sick benefits, industrial insurance, profit-sharing plans, better

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housing, and the like. It promises more broadening contacts, and complete freedom of thought and independence of action.

I think that I need not argue at any length the question of financial return. College professors are underpaid. They are underpaid by institutions which now receive as students the sons and daughters of our wealthiest business men. A prosperous captain of industry accepts college education for his son at a low rate knowing that he is getting something for which he pays too little, and knowing that his son's teachers are underpaid. Business men serve as trustees of these institutions, and it is because of their final decisions that income has gone into equipment of buildings rather than into better payment for the teaching force. Or, if their hands are tied by the terms of bequests, it is because those terms were laid down by business men who preferred to leave buildings and material equipment as tombstones graven with their names, rather than to endow faculties. But they are dead, and doubtless are now surveying these questions with a discernment I am unable to apply.

No, I shall not argue the question of salaries. Egotistically I believe that in dollars and cents I am underpaid. I hope that the men in industry who have made themselves responsible for the situation will see that those who come after me are more adequately rewarded, and I trust that the funds will be raised without the use of such slogans and phrases as are current in drives for charity!

I would give even less space to the financial argument if the question had not been so widely discussed of late. Making money is a business in itself. Men can do that who can do little else. The teacher is engaged in other businesses that he finds of greater interest. I hope society will insist that these shall yield in time an adequate financial return, and for the sake of my family I must try to make them do so.

Other arguments in this discussion deserve far greater consideration. Likelihood of promotion, for instance; ready recognition of talents and industry; fluidity of employment: these are matters of great importance, unless ambition is to be crushed and apathy take its place, and friendly emulation give way to jealousies and distrust. In the first place, we must be careful not to confuse

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instances with generalizations. I can cite business offices where jealousy is far more generally rife than in any college, where the highest executive officer of them all regards with evident suspicion the rise of anyone to a place near his level; and I have seen that spirit carry itself down through every grade. I have heard business men say that one of the most important future efforts in their establishments must be directed toward the development of *esprit*, because their output is curtailed by the existence of ill-feeling and distrust.

As for fluidity of employment in business and in teaching: the general manager of a railroad said some time ago: "I find that I deal with two types of fellow manager, when I am looking about for men. If, for instance, I turn to Jones' road for a competent assistant, and offer one of his men higher place with me and better pay, Jones is angry. He seems to consider the matter a personal attack, and he makes both of us as sorry as possible that the offer was ever made. On the other hand, Brown considers it a compliment to his organization and his training if I offer one of his men higher place in my company. If he wants to keep the man, he makes a counter-proposition. If he cannot afford to do that, he says to him, 'Accept the offer with my blessing; I can move Robinson up into your place. At least it gives me a chance to reward a good man below you.'"

The ex-professor who rejoices that he is out of teaching and in business is fortunate in the concern which now employs him. He might have been unfortunate. He is right about the slowness of academic promotion, and this again is the old argument of dollars and cents; the rewards of teaching are not measured entirely by the speed of promotion. But is not industry crowded with men of middle age living close to their incomes, and worried as to the future, afraid to bring up the question of a needed "raise" lest it might be a step in the direction of discharge? In the university there is at least some sort of tenure-of-office law, and some protection against whimsical discharge. As for promotion, universities are improving in that regard, though improving a little bit more slowly than business houses. This phase of college management is generally controlled by the business men who serve as trustees.

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As for the teacher's opportunities of higher place elsewhere, when promotion within his own university is blocked: the field is large, and the profession of teaching undermanned. College executives differ, just as railroad executives differ. If an instructor desired to stimulate invitations from other institutions, for justifiable reasons of his own, why should he not go to his executive superior, make his reasons clear, and ask friendly assistance, rendered in such a way that it would be an endorsement rather than a detriment? As for writing letters in my own behalf to persons who might be of aid to me, of course the question largely depends upon how such a letter is written. An officer in a business house hesitates to write to other business houses direct, offering his services, while he is still presumably in good standing in his own concern. "It isn't done," says the ex-professor. Of course it is done, just as much in the academic world as in the business world. If it is done right, it may be effective, and if it is done wrong, it injures the writer's chances, and quite properly so. We are both basing our arguments upon individual knowledge or experience. He says that he wanted to do it, and was told that he mustn't. I say that if I wanted to do it, I certainly should. It is one professor against another.

It is the charge that teaching injures a man's personality which I naturally find most irritating. "As an instructor I was a man among children," confesses a writer, "dictating year in and year out to immature youths unable or unwilling to talk back," and he longs to be a man among men. Then for Heaven's sake why was he not a man among men? There are men enough; the fault lay with himself alone. Colleges unfortunately do know the type of teacher who is never a man among men, and that university is most blessed which has fewest of them. A teacher who "dictates" to immature youths usually influences them about as much as would a katydid. He misunderstands his function, which is not to provide them with ready-made conclusions. There are two or three men living who were my teachers in my undergraduate days, whose friendship I cherish to-day. As teachers they stimulated discussion. As I remember it, their students were neither unable nor unwilling to "talk back." Those old teachers have spent a lifetime in the companionship of immature

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youths without losing manly force or the ability to be men among men. Yes, both kinds of college professor exist, but surely the discouraged or debilitated one will do less harm in industry.

Does it not amount to this: that some men fail in the vocation of teaching just as some men fail in the world of business—because they are unfit for it? I do not believe that the qualities which unfit a man for one necessarily fit him for the other; neither realm wants the other's discards! But that a man should fail to find in his first choice those satisfactions which he discovers in his second proves nothing, except that he made a mistake which he was fortunate enough to correct in time.

The most interesting of the contentions in favor of industry contrast the practical idealism of business, and the visionary, vague or ineffective idealism of the college. Two thoughts come to me in this connection. Industry is more and more demanding a college training for its directors. The new leaders of industry to-day are college-trained men. If they are bringing to business a practical idealism that is so warmly described, it is fair to assume —and in fact they frequently assert—that they gained it in their college years, under men who succeeded somehow in instilling it. If it is true that those instructors were unpractical, perhaps it was because their task had to do with theory,—in the firm establishment of *principles* in the minds of embryo industrialists. Yet the ex-teacher I have once or twice quoted is himself an example of the college professor who, when the nation's call came, left the classroom, and was able at once to make his training of service. He was willing to lay aside his robes and soil his shirt-sleeves in an industrial laboratory. It is a matter of worthy record that hundreds and hundreds like him did the same thing, and then, when the task was done, returned to the classroom to resume their teaching.

The final argument I have cited is that of intellectual freedom. It is true enough that there have been notable examples, even recently, of great universities which attempted to restrain their teachers in the expression of their views. Instances have received wide publicity, and it has been good for the health of higher education. But two or three facts deserve emphasis here, even in connection with these instances. Pressure was brought to

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bear not on what teachers thought or said, but upon what they arbitrarily taught; and the pressure was exerted not by fellow teachers, but by certain business interests represented in the control of the college. Men of extreme conservatism, to say the best for them, acting in all sincerity and in the belief that they had a great responsibility to prevent the inroads of "pernicious" and "false" doctrine, took such action as they did. Are there no business firms which would in one fashion or another rid themselves of "radical" managers or foremen, especially if such men felt it their duty to be propagandists? I do not seek to justify—but merely to deny industry's superiority in this regard. It seems to me that a teacher should recognize two kinds of freedom, demanding the one and not the other. One is the freedom of belief, and the right to *express*, not to enforce, his conclusions. The other is the freedom to make an offensive noise just because it will be offensive to those with whom he differs. Of course it is foolish for a university to martyrize one of the noisy sort. There is a phrase recorded in New England colonial history which comes to my mind. It seems that the Quakers, who were the boisterous protestants of Roger Williams' day, were not a problem in his colony, nor had they been in Plymouth; for the simple reason that neither colony barred them out. "For," said Roger, "they go only where they will find trouble." A teacher and a propagandist are two different things!

It is interesting to note the conflicting testimony on this very subject. Our radicals tell us that the colleges are refrigerators of conservatism, where every teacher is an intellectual slave to the great financial interests which have endowed the institution; or, if it be a State university, to the financial interests which control the political party which elects the legislature which votes the budget.

On the other hand, your conservative business man or politician is protesting that the colleges are hot-beds of radicalism; that every crazy "'ism" is represented on our college faculties; and that if a radical demagogue arises in the land, he is sure to number among his followers a large group of college professors. Which is right? There is some comfort to be gained from this conflict of testimony.

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Every established institution, educational, political, spiritual, is to-day being scrutinized and tested from all points of approach. Democracy is at least vigorously alive, though it may not be highly developed intellectually. If our colleges were hermetically sealed, I should think it possible that faculty and students might pursue a serene course along a road hewn and walled in by some long dead intellectual pioneers of the institution. But they are not so sealed, and neither the trustees nor the men of their faculties have the power to make these open-eyed, newspaper-reading boys and girls think what they are told to think, and reach ready-made conclusions, unaware of conflicts raging in the world outside. The best that can be done is to help them to straight methods of thinking, to question intelligently, to recognize sincerity and distrust plausibility.

Enough of such contentious arguments! I have touched upon them one by one, well or ill, according to my lights, and yet I find myself conscious of the fact that there has been no direct answer to the question, "Why should a college professor not go into industry when offered the opportunity, and consider himself flattered, to boot?" Such a question is heart-searching. It is not easy for one who dreads sentimentality to frame an answer. Perhaps business experience has given me a shade of cynical distrust of my own higher motives. Let me then touch on the lower motives first.

In the two-semester organization of the college year, still generally followed, there are only thirty-two weeks of actual teaching time. There are many ways in which the college professor may use the free third of his year. He is under obligation to keep himself in training professionally. He must acquaint himself by study with the new developments in his field. The same is true of the business man, but the latter must fight for time to give to absorbing study. Here, too, is time for writing, and if the teacher possesses the inclination this can sometimes be made remunerative. And for three months at any rate there is time for the intelligent rebuilding of physical and mental vigor. It takes much in the realm of business to counterbalance that, even though professorial salaries are so low that the opportunity cannot be utilized to the fullest advantage.

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The college specialist is increasingly welcome as a lecturer, if he will but take the trouble to organize his material in a fashion to interest the layman. Such lectures are not only a source of added income, but they benefit the lecturer's own attitude. They have all the value of the business man's inventory of stock. The college teacher's social environment, it seems to me, instead of being narrow, is far more than horizon-wide. He finds that those engaged in the same occupation a thousand miles away are his neighbors, and those fellows in his own field are his friends. The name and repute of his university are his letter of recommendation to any circle.

There are of course disadvantages to the intimate community life in the university town. A university faculty has the combined faults of a small village and a wide family connection. There is a tendency to gossip, and it may be easy to begin a quarrel; but the gossip of this campus community does not compare in ill-nature to the gossip of a small suburb, and the petty squabbles are like those of a family connection. They are within the family, and if the attack comes from without, there is at once a united front.

The ex-professor whose article I have occasionally quoted found his happiness in industry, and all of those comforts which he feels are not really luxuries, but his by right. The man who continues in college teaching may find an immediate social environment equally satisfying; associates devoted to intellectual pursuits, who make very pleasant companions in such time as they can give to each other; living so much on the same scale, with such an amusing insight into one another's financial affairs, that there is no struggle about appearances. His children are at least as well off as they would be in the average suburb, and better off than if he were in a city flat, taking the subway twice a day to his office. The average business man whose home is in pleasant surroundings leaves it at eight in the morning, and gets back to it after six at night. The most hard-working college professor does better than that. Famous artists and musicians come to his very doors, while lectures on all possible subjects are thrust at him until he hardly dares look the college calendar in the face. Yet he does not have to go. I think that on the social side an

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unprejudiced judge would say that the average college professor is more happily situated than the average business man.

But a reasonable contentment with environment is not the real answer to my question. I honestly believe that the great majority of college teachers—and I have seen them in colleges East and West—stick to their profession because they feel that there they are on the firing line. That very conflict of evidence as to intellectual freedom which I have just cited shows that these colleges and universities are in the forefront of the battle over the really big issues of the world to-day.

It has been my lot to attend college reunions of many sorts. They are interesting phenomena, these assemblages of busy men who meet together to sing the praises of some alma mater, and to listen to talks on idealism and lofty abstractions which surprisingly hold their attention, however worldly they may be. "Loyalty to one's alma mater" is a phrase used glibly among business men and five times out of ten it represents a shallow thing, yet it represents something. I have found myself sometimes trying to figure out just what it does mean, when used, for instance, by the somewhat unemotional and cold-blooded money-maker, who only that afternoon was working out business problems utterly remote from any such thought. I think that even in the case of his extreme type I have a clue to the truth. He recognizes that he is making a very slight contribution to the higher side of present-day life. He suspects that actual world-progress must be an intellectual and spiritual, and not a material thing. He buys a little ease of spirit by contributions to charities and worthy "drives" of various sorts, but gives them no thought beyond the question of how much money to donate. The better side of him calls for a spiritual contribution somewhat greater than this. He wishes that he had a part in the real battles of his age, and if he has any stuff in him at all, he is not content that it should be wholly a vicarious part. As a college alumnus he finds that he actually "belongs" to an organization which has no sordid aim whatever, which is contributing to the solution of many questions. Sometimes, when his business permits, and when he allows himself to dwell upon this line of thought for any length of time, he tries hard to make his relationship stand for something. He tries to get

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nearer to the firing line. He leaves his business for a day or two, goes to his college, and attempts gropingly to take part in the actual discussion of its problems, and help to shape its policies. "Loyalty to Alma Mater" is in reality a subconscious belief in certain fine abstractions. Sometimes he finds that he can give his time in greater measure, and he does so, with the result that he is elected trustee of his own or another college, and places his business abilities at the service of the institution. He has been appointed, from civilian life, to a place of high command! The average college-trained business man would sacrifice very much to gain a college trusteeship. Its attainment is a proof that he serves in a greater cause than that of money changing; that he has been examined before a court higher than a court of trade and found to possess qualities worthy the honor.

I know that appointment by this court is sometimes purchased by cold cash, but that is when there are business men of like calibre on the board. Such men sell degrees for dormitories! I do not mean to focus attention too much upon boards of trustees; but the college is under fire and they are its chief officials. They are drawn mainly from industry where it is claimed that one may find the highest idealism. Yet they must be held responsible for some of these allegedly evil academic conditions. Every university has its devoted, self-sacrificing directors. Some may be handicapped by one or two of the other sort. Is there anything more unworthy of a place in the academic world than a trustee who has secured this honor and gives the college in return no skilled business service? He will not work and he does not resign. He is cheating society and cheating the college. His nearest competitor in unworthiness is the dispirited college professor who drudges dully through an endless grind. Yet the latter is less culpable. He has weakened under pressure.

But after all, am I not paying too much attention to the wrong kind of college officer? Such a type sticks out like a sore thumb, but like a sore thumb he is only one finger in ten.

The teacher likes to believe that he is on the foremost firing line. It is a service that demands not only training but an adaptibility that training cannot give. "Things are in a bad way here," said a lawyer friend earnestly. "These boys are talking

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about things they don't know anything about! Can't you stop them? They're playing with fire. I hear some of them actually call themselves Bolsheviki or something as bad!"

"No, Counsellor, I can't stop them. When you and I were in college some of these things were undreamed of, and so we played with such fire as we had. Didn't you as a junior dare to call yourself an atheist? And some of it wasn't intellectual fire! Couldn't your teachers have taken it away from you, somehow?"

"It's not the same thing. You're evidently getting tarred yourself. I wish I could talk to 'em."

Often and often have I heard him and his kind talk to them. With the benevolent manner of an old-fashioned Sunday school superintendent, he doles out ready-made formulas, and immature youth lolls in its seat listening appraisingly. Afterward all the judgment one can win from some young commentator who is as yet lamentably savage but confoundingly clear-eyed, is, "I've heard all that. Why did he leave out the real reasons, the poor fish!" *C'est la guerre*, Consellor. You cannot fight with poor ammunition, or unprepared.

The deprecator of college teaching complains that the academic life holds too much aloof,—that there is too great a line of demarcation between the world and the campus. I am inclined to make small defense of such a charge, and let the deponent continue to complain. It seems to me that definite advantage comes from a certain amount of academic detachment. The two realms should be coöperative and highly essential to one another, but there is no reason why one should swallow the other and assimilate it. I like to think of a realm of business which offers to the college its best representatives, to organize and direct the business side of the college community, and then denies to those representatives the privilege of loafing on the job. I like to believe that, in return, Business receives from the colleges revitalizing young men with well organized thinking apparatuses, plus ideals. I like to think of academic life as so far cloistered that Truth may walk there on occasion, ungowned by expediency, and unashamed. Each realm should provide for the other the best experts that it can train, but just so soon as one attempts to *dictate* to the other how this training shall be organized and what shall be its final

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tests, then the harmonious coöperation is sure to cease, and the whole satisfactory relationship runs askew. There must above all be mutual respect, neither realm judging the other by the incompetents within its ranks.

With this conception of the two realms in mind, and with the necessity for a choice between them, is it unreasonable that a man who feels definitely drawn toward one by training and inclination should contentedly ignore the allurements of the other?

A College Professor.



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# SHALL WE FORGET THE SOLDIER?

BY MAJOR THOMAS MARSHALL SPAULDING, U. S. A.

It was not so long after the war that I listened to an address by an official of the Y. M. C. A., recently returned from Europe, telling of the work, which he himself had seen and supervised, to make life worth living for our own soldiers and the soldiers of other countries who fought alongside ours. He told of the facilities for recreation and entertainment established in places where there were none before the Y. M. C. A. came, where homesick and depressed men lost heart in their work, and steadily deteriorated as men and as soldiers.

His story was interesting as a narrative of personal experience, but not because it told of anything new or strange, or different in the slightest degree from what was going on in every part of the world where American troops were serving. We saw it everywhere. We came to take it as a matter of course that books and entertainment should be provided for the soldiers, that they should be welcomed in every public place and invited into private homes for no other cause than the uniform they wore, that the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus, and all the rest should be liberally and enthusiastically supported in their work, though they did not train fighting men, they did not arm or equip them, they did not do any of the things that a little while ago we should have called useful,—they merely tried to make men comfortable and happy. That was all, but it was a wonderful thing that they helped to accomplish. It is largely due to them that our men went up to the front cheerful, healthy and vigorous; to them is largely due that amazing spirit of the American troops which was their chief asset,—for both training and discipline were scanty enough in many organizations when necessity forced them into the line.

It was a strange thing to take place in America. We are earnest in work in this country. Mere idleness has always been

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held in contempt. All this is as it should be, but the value—even the commercial value—of rest and recreation has been too much overlooked. We are inclined to speak of our overwork a little boastfully, and almost to apologize for our vacations. This is—or was—true in the army as well as out of it. The officer who had had only ten days' leave in the last four years was pretty sure to let everybody know it, while the one who was starting on a long leave would be likely to explain that he was changing stations and it would take some time for his household goods to reach his new post, or that his family needed change of climate, or that some other unusual condition excused his conduct. It is a national characteristic. That we overcame it, and some other equally pronounced national traits, goes far to account for our success in the war.

For two years we treated the members of our army as human beings. We can take just satisfaction in the contemplation of all that we did for their well-being; and the fact that some of the sentimentally inclined rather overdid the business, and pampered men to their injury or to their disgust, need not trouble us much. But we had an army before 1917, as well as since; we shall have an army in the future, as well as now. It was a very little army before the war; it is somewhat larger now, but even so we may be sure that it will always be a little army, as armies go. But little though it was and will be, nevertheless it was and will remain a body of men in uniform, mostly young, some middle-aged, —live, human men drawn from every part of the United States to serve their country. The right of the soldier of 1916 to comfort and to sympathetic treatment was just as great as that of the soldier of 1917 or 1918. His need, perhaps, was greater. Under the stimulus of a great war, men can endure with cheerfulness things that are hard to bear at other times, just as it is easier to teach a soldier when he knows that in a few weeks his life may depend on what he has learned, than when he knows that he will apply his training in battle only at some remote and indefinite time, or more probably never. We may be proud, indeed, of the way in which the American people treated their men in the Great War; but anyone who cared for the American soldier before it became fashionable to do so, can hardly help

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contrasting, with a little bitterness, the adulation of to-day with the neglect of yesterday, or help speculating what the condition will be to-morrow.

All these ideas about the welfare of the soldier, which we take as axiomatic now,—are they new? Not one of them. Every need that has now been supplied, every want that has now been gratified, existed before, its existence was recognized, the remedy was known. Much was done, to be sure. Reading-rooms, with a few periodicals, were everywhere. Here and there were gymnasiums, built and equipped by appropriations by Congress. Libraries, generally meager, were scraped together by the efforts of officers and men, in many places. Chaplains managed moving-picture shows for the entertainment of the garrison, and were perhaps criticized for unclerical conduct by narrow minds.

But all the time the soldier was an outsider. Much depended, of course, on the community in or near which he was stationed. In some places his lot was a good one; in others he was an outcast. Recently some of us would ask an unknown man, encountered by chance, to come in to dinner with us and go on to a dance afterwards. Not long ago we ejected him from the theatre and every other decent place of public resort. We assigned the same reason in each case: the uniform of the United States Army. There were posts where companies were always at maximum strength, but there were others where the ranks were never full, for the soldier who was stationed there left the army for good when his time was up, or went elsewhere to reënlist.

I have been speaking of the conduct of the public generally toward the soldier. His Government usually treated him with consideration, but not always. The executive branch might send him to some desolate place for good military reasons, and then leave him there for political reasons or sheer forgetfulness. The legislative branch might make a showing of economy by neglecting to provide money to repair his barracks for a few years. And whether he suffered at the hands of the executive or the legislature or the common citizen, *nobody cared.*

If you had any acquaintance with the army before the war, do you not know that this is true? And if you had not, do you not still know that it is true, for, honestly, did *you* care?

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All this is changed now. We do care for our soldiers' welfare, but it is a question how long this will continue. There is grave danger that things will soon go back to their old state. For the underlying cause of it all was the fact that the American army was unknown to the American people. It was something as much outside their lives as the Belgian or the Chinese army,—something seldom thought of, and then only as a curiosity. This was natural enough, for ours was a very, very little army, scattered over an immense area. Even the small British army was five times as large as ours, in proportion to the population, and the country in which most of it was stationed is only as large as New England and New York. Now this condition is certain to continue, for there is little doubt that ours will always be a relatively small army, and it must of necessity be widely distributed. As before the war, comparatively few Americans will ever see a soldier. It is going to be a hard thing for the average man to remember that he owns an army; and if the average man forgets it, there will be nothing to make impossible the insulting attitude which individuals so often adopted toward the soldier, or the callous indifference to his welfare which his Government sometimes manifested.

There is no certain remedy except in the conscience of the people. Universal training would make a difference, you may say. I am not so sure. Many things may be said for and against universal training, but it is very doubtful if its adoption, in any of the forms commonly discussed, would lead to a more sympathetic understanding of the army. Universal *service* would indeed make the army and the country one. Every man would feel as vital and personal an interest in the military establishment as he does now in the public school system or the street railway service. But universal *training* of young men by military instructors, as a supplement to a little standing army intended for oversea and coast garrisons, or for use as a small expeditionary force, would not bring that army into the daily life and thought of the civilian, any more than in the past. We should be deeply interested, indeed, in the welfare of "our boys," undergoing brief training in a sort of boarding school or summer camp, but the army would be as remote as ever. We could still

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think of it, as so many used to do on the rare occasions when they thought of it at all, as an aggregation of harsh, narrow-minded officers and idle, dissipated men. We should not mind what happened to *them*, though we should be anxious enough about the physical comfort and moral protection afforded by the training camps.

No; universal training, beneficial as it would be in many ways, is not the solution to this particular problem. I am not arguing for universal anything, for the question of a proper military system is too large to be discussed here. Congress has at last, by its act of 1920, declared a national military policy,—something which this country has never before possessed,—but neither universal training nor universal service is essential to its execution.

We have gained and lost many things in this war. Some of the losses can never be repaired,—others are only temporary; but every one of the gains can be preserved if we will but try. One of the greatest of these benefits is the new attitude toward the man who serves his country in uniform; let us keep this with the rest. I know of no magic that will do it,—only the serious and untiring will of the American people.

THOMAS MARSHALL SPAULDING.

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# LAUGHTER

BY MAX BEERBOHM

M. Bergson, in his well-known essay on this theme, says . . . well, he says many things; but none of these, though I have just read them, do I clearly remember, nor am I sure that in the act of reading I understood any of them. That is the worst of these fashionable philosophers—or rather, the worst of me. Somehow I never manage to read them till they are just going out of fashion, and even then I don't seem able to cope with them. About ten years ago, when everyone suddenly talked to me about Pragmatism and William James, I found myself moved by a dull but irresistible impulse to try Schopenhauer, of whom, years before that, I had heard that he was the easiest reading in the world, and the most exciting and amusing. I wrestled with Schopenhauer for a day or so, in vain. Time passed: M. Bergson appeared "and for his hour was lord of the ascendant"; I tardily tackled William James. I bore in mind, as I approached him, the testimonials that had been lavished on him by all my friends. Alas, I was insensible to his thrillingness. His gaiety did not make me gay. His crystal clarity confused me dreadfully. I could make nothing of William James. And now, in the fullness of time, I have been floored by M. Bergson.

It distresses me, this failure to keep up with the leaders of thought as they pass into oblivion. It makes me wonder whether I am, after all, an absolute fool. Yet surely I am not that. Tell me of a man or a woman, a place or an event, real or fictitious; surely you will find me a fairly intelligent listener. Any such narrative will present to me some image, and will stir me to not altogether fatuous thoughts. Come to me in some grievous difficulty; I will talk to you like a father, even like a lawyer. I'll be hanged if I haven't a certain mellow wisdom. But if you are by way of weaving theories as to the nature of things in general, and if you want to try those theories on someone who

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will luminously confirm them or powerfully rend them, I must, with a hang-dog air, warn you that I am not your man. I suffer from a strong suspicion that things in general cannot be accounted for through any formula or set of formulae, and that any one philosophy, howsoever new, is no better than another. That is in itself a sort of philosophy, and I suspect it accordingly; but it has for me the merit of being the only one I can make head or tail of. If you try to expound any other philosophic system to me, you will find not merely that I can detect no flaw in it (except the one great flaw just suggested), but also that I haven't, after a minute or two, the vaguest notion of what you are driving at. "Very well," you say, "instead of trying to explain all things all at once, I will explain some little, simple, single thing."

It was for the sake of such shorn lambs as myself, doubtless, that M. Bergson sat down and wrote about—Laughter. But I have profited by his kindness no more than if he had been treating of the cosmos. I cannot tread even a limited space of air. I have a gross satisfaction in the crude fact of being on hard ground again, and I utter a coarse peal of—Laughter.

At least, I say I do so. In point of fact, I have merely smiled. Twenty years ago, ten years ago, I should have laughed, and have professed to you that I had merely smiled. A very young man is not content to be very young, nor even a young man to be young; he wants to share the dignity of his elders. There is no dignity in laughter, there is much of it in smiles. Laughter is but a joyous surrender, smiles give token of mature criticism. It may be that in the early ages of this world there was much more laughter than is to be heard now, and that aeons hence laughter will be obsolete, and smiles universal—everyone, always, mildly, slightly, smiling. But it is less useful to speculate as to mankind's past and future than to observe men. And you will have observed with me in the club-room that young men at most times look solemn, whereas old men or men of middle age mostly smile; and also that those young men do often laugh loud and long among themselves, while we others—the gayest and best of us in the most favorable circumstances—seldom achieve more than our habitual act of smiling. Does the sound of that laughter jar on us? Do we liken it to the crackling of thorns

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under a pot? Let us do so. There is no cheerier sound. But let us not assume it to be the laughter of fools because we sit quiet. It is absurd to disapprove of what one envies, or to wish a good thing were no more because it has passed out of our possession.

But (it seems that I must begin every paragraph by questioning the sincerity of what I have just said) *has* the gift of laughter been withdrawn from me? I protest that I do, still, at the age of forty-seven, laugh often and loud and long. But not, I believe, so long and loud and often as in my less smiling youth. And I am proud, nowadays, of laughing, and grateful to anyone who makes me laugh. That is a bad sign. I no longer take laughter as a matter of course. I realize, even after reading M. Bergson on it, how good a thing it is. I am qualified to praise it.

As to what is most precious among the accessories to the world we live in, different men hold different opinions. There are people whom the sea depresses, whom mountains exhilarate. Personally, I want the sea always—some not populous edge of it for choice; and with it sunshine, and wine, and a little music. My friend on the mountain yonder is of tougher fibre and sterner outlook, disapproves of the sea's laxity and instability, has no ear for music and no palate for the grape, and regards the sun as a rather enervating institution, like central heating in a house. What he likes is a grey day and the wind in his face; crags at a great altitude; and a flask of whisky. Yet I think that even he, if we were trying to determine from what inner sources mankind derives the greatest pleasure in life, would agree with me that only the emotion of love takes higher rank than the emotion of laughter. Both these emotions are partly mental, partly physical. It is said that the mental symptoms of love are wholly physical in origin. They are not the less ethereal for that. The physical sensations of laughter, on the other hand, are reached by a process whose starting-point is in the mind. They are not the less "gloriously of our clay." There is laughter that goes so far as to lose all touch with its motive, and to exist only, grossly, in itself. This is laughter at its best. A man to whom such laughter has often been granted may happen to die in a

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workhouse. No matter. I will not admit that he has failed in life. Another, who has never laughed thus, may be buried in Westminster Abbey, leaving more than a million pounds overhead. What then? I regard him as a failure.

Nor does it seem to me to matter one jot how such laughter is achieved. Humor may rollick on high planes of fantasy or in depths of silliness. To many people it appeals only from those depths. If it appeals to them irresistibly, they are more enviable than those who are sensitive only to the finer kind of joke and not so sensitive as to be mastered and dissolved by it. Laughter is a thing to be rated according to its own intensity.

Many years ago I wrote an essay in which I poured scorn on the fun purveyed by the music halls, and on the great public for which that fun was quite good enough. I take that callow scorn back. I fancy that the fun itself was better than it seemed to me, and might not have displeased me if it had been wafted to me in private, in the presence of a few friends. A public crowd, because of a lack of broad impersonal humanity in me, rather insulates than absorbs me. Amidst the guffaws of a thousand strangers I become unnaturally grave. If these people were the entertainment, and I the audience, I should be sympathetic enough. But to be one of them is a position that drives me spiritually aloof. Also, there is to me something rather dreary in the notion of going anywhere for the specific purpose of being amused. I prefer that laughter shall take me unawares. Only so can it master and dissolve me. And in this respect, at any rate, I am not peculiar. In music halls and such places you may hear loud laughter, but—not see silent laughter, not see strong men weak, helpless, suffering, gradually convalescent, dangerously relapsing. Laughter at its greatest and best is not there.

To such laughter nothing is more propitious than an occasion that demands gravity. To have good reason for not laughing is one of the surest aids. Laughter rejoices in bonds. If music halls were schoolrooms for us, and the comedians were our schoolmasters, how much less talent would be needed for giving us how much more joy! Even in private and accidental intercourse, few are the men whose humor can reduce us, be we never so susceptible, to paroxysms of mirth. I will wager that nine tenths of the

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world's best laughter is laughter *at*, not *with*. And it is the people set in authority over us that touch most surely our sense of the ridiculous. Freedom is a good thing, but we lose through it golden moments. The schoolmaster to his pupils, the monarch to his courtiers, the editor to his staff—how priceless they are! Reverence is a good thing, and part of its value is that the more we revere a man, the more sharply are we struck by anything in him (and there is always much) that is incongruous with his greatness. Reverence, like subjection, is a rich source of laughter. And herein lies one of the reasons why as we grow older we laugh less. The men we esteemed so great are gathered to their fathers. Some of our coevals may, for ought we know, be very great, but good heavens! we can't esteem *them* so.

Of extreme laughter I know not in any annals a more satisfactory example than one that is to be found in Moore's *Life of Byron*. Both Byron and Moore were already in high spirits when, on an evening in the spring of 1813, they went "from some early assembly" to Mr. Rogers' house in St. James's Place and were regaled there with an impromptu meal. But not high spirits alone would have led the two young poets to such excess of laughter as made the evening so very memorable. Luckily they both venerated Rogers (strange as it may seem to us) as the greatest of living poets. Luckily, too, Mr. Rogers was ever the kind of man, the coldly and quietly suave kind of man, with whom you don't take liberties, if you can help it—with whom, if you can't help it, to take liberties is in itself a wildly exhilarating act. And he had just received a presentation copy of Lord Thurloe's latest book, *Poems on Several Occasions*. The two young poets found in this elder's Muse much that was so execrable as to be delightful. They were soon, as they turned the pages, held in throes of laughter, laughter that was but intensified by the endeavors of their correct and nettled host to point out the genuine merits of his friend's work. And then suddenly—oh joy!—"we lighted," Moore records, "on the discovery that our host, in addition to his sincere approbation of some of this book's contents, had also the motive of gratitude for standing by its author, as one of the poems was a warm, and I need not add, well-deserved panegyric on himself. We were,

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however"—the narrative has an added charm from Tom Moore's demure care not to offend or compromise the still-surviving Rogers—"too far gone in nonsense for even this eulogy, in which we both so heartily agreed, to stop us. The opening line of the poem was, as well as I can recollect, 'When Rogers o'er this labor bent'; and Lord Byron undertook to read it aloud;—but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter had now increased to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it. Two or three times he began; but no sooner had the words 'When Rogers' passed his lips, than our fit burst out afresh,—till even Mr. Rogers himself, with all his feelings of our injustice, found it impossible not to join us; and we were, at last, all three in such a state of inextinguishable laughter, that, had the author himself been of our party, I question much whether he would have resisted the infection." The final fall and dissolution of Rogers, Rogers behaving as badly as either of them, is all that was needed to give perfection to this heart-warming scene. I like to think that on a certain night in spring, year after year, three ghosts revisit that old room and (without, I hope, inconvenience to Lord Northcliffe, who may happen to be there) sit rocking and writhing in the grip of that old shared rapture. Uncanny? Well, not more so than would have seemed to Byron and Moore and Rogers the notion that more than a hundred years away from them was someone joining in their laughter—as *I* do.

Alas, I cannot join in it more than gently. To imagine a scene, however vividly, does not give us the sense of being, or even of having been, present at it. Indeed, the greater the glow of the scene reflected, the sharper is the pang of our realization that we were *not* there, and of our annoyance that we weren't. Such a pang comes to me with special force whenever my fancy posts itself outside the Temple's gate in Fleet Street, and there, at a late hour of the night of May 10th, 1773, observes a gigantic old man laughing wildly, but having no one with him to share and aggrandize his emotions. Not that he is alone; but the young man beside him laughs only in politeness and is inwardly puzzled, even shocked. Boswell has a keen, an exquisitely keen, scent for comedy, for the fun that is latent in fine shades of character; but imaginative burlesque, anything that borders on lovely non-

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sense, he was not formed to savor. All the more does one revel in his account of what led up to the moment when Johnson "to support himself, laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot pavement, and sent forth peals so loud that in the silence of the night his voice seemed to resound from Temple to Fleet Ditch."

No evening ever had an unlikelier ending. The omens were all for gloom. Johnson had gone to dine at General Paoli's but was so ill that he had to leave before the meal was over. Later he managed to go to Mr. Chambers' rooms in the Temple. He continued to be "very ill" there, but gradually felt better, and "talked with a noble enthusiasm of keeping up the representation of respectable families," and was great on "the dignity and propriety of male succession." Among his listeners, as it happened, was a gentleman for whom Mr. Chambers had that day drawn up a will devising his estate to his three sisters. The news of this might have been expected to make Johnson violent in wrath. But no, for some reason he grew violent only in laughter, and insisted thenceforth on calling that gentleman The Testator and chaffing him without mercy.

> I daresay he thinks he has done a mighty thing. He won't stay till he gets home to his seat in the country, to produce this wonderful deed; he'll call up the landlord of the first inn on the road; and after a suitable preface upon mortality and the uncertainty of life, will tell him that he should not delay in making his will; and Here, Sir, will he say, is *my* will, which I have just made, with the assistance of one of the ablest lawyers in the kingdom; and he will read it to him. He believes he has made this will; but he did not make it; you, Chambers, made it for him. I hope you have had more conscience than to make him say "being of sound understanding!" ha, ha, ha! I hope he has left me a legacy. I'd have his will turned into verse, like a ballad.

These flights annoyed Mr. Chambers, and are recorded by Boswell with the apology that he wishes his readers to be "acquainted with the slightest occasional archacteristics of so eminent a man." Certainly, there is nothing ridiculous in the fact of a man making a will. But this is the measure of Johnson's achievement. He had created gloriously much out of nothing at all. There he sat, old and ailing and unencouraged by the company, but soaring higher and higher in absurdity, more and more rejoicing, and still soaring and rejoicing after he had

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gone out into the night with Boswell, till at last in Fleet Street his paroxysms were too much for him and he could no more. Echoes of that huge laughter come ringing down the ages. But is there also perhaps a note of sadness for us in them? Johnson's endless sociability came of his inherent melancholy; he could not bear to be alone; and his mirth was but a mode of escape from the dark thoughts within him. Of these the thought of death was the most dreadful to him, and the most insistent. He was forever wondering how death would come to him, and how he would acquit himself in the extreme moment. A later but not less devoted Anglican, meditating on his own end, wrote in his diary that "to die in church appears to be a great euthanasia, but not," he quaintly and touchingly added, "at a time to disturb worshippers." Both the sentiment here expressed and the reservation drawn would have been as characteristic of Johnson as they were of Gladstone. But to die of laughter—this, too, seems to me a great euthanasia; and I think that for Johnson to have died thus, that night in Fleet Street, would have been a grand ending to "a life radically wretched." Well, he was destined to outlive another decade; and selfishly, who can wish such a life as his, or such a life as Boswell's, one jot shorter?

Strange, when you come to think of it, that of all the countless folk who have lived before our time on this planet not one is known in history or in legend as having died of laughter. Strange, too, that not to one of all the characters in romance has such an end been allotted. Has it ever struck you what a chance Shakespeare missed when he was finishing the Second Part of *King Henry the Fourth?* Falstaff was not the man to stand cowed and bowed while the new young king lectured him and cast him off. Little by little, as Hal proceeded in that portentous allocution, the humor of the situation would have mastered old Sir John. His face, blank with surprise at first, would presently have glowed and widened, and his whole bulk have begun to quiver. Lest he should miss one word, he would have mastered himself. But the final words would have been the signal for release of all the roars pent up in him; the welkin would have rung; the roars, belike, would have gradually subsided in dreadful rumblings of more than utterable or conquerable mirth.

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Thus and thus only might his life have been rounded off with dramatic fitness, *secundum ipsius naturam*. He never should have been left to babble of green fields and die "an it had been any christom child."

Falstaff is a triumph of comedic creation because we are kept laughing equally at and with him. Nevertheless, if I had the choice of sitting with him at the Boar's Head or with Johnson at the Turk's, I shouldn't hesitate for an instant. The agility of Falstaff's mind gains much of its effect by contrast with the massiveness of his body; but in contrast with Johnson's equal agility is Johnson's moral as well as physical bulk. His sallies "tell" the more startlingly because of the noble weight of character behind them: they are the better because *he* makes them. In Falstaff there isn't this final incongruity and element of surprise. Falstaff is but a sublimated sample of "the funny man." We cannot, therefore, laugh so greatly with him as with Johnson. (Nor even *at* him; because we are not tickled so much by the weak points of a character whose points are all weak ones; also because we have no reverence trying to impose restraint on us.) Still, Falstaff has indubitably the power to convulse us. I don't mean we ever are convulsed in reading *Henry the Fourth*. No printed page, alas, can thrill us to extremities of laughter. These are ours only if the mirthmaker be a living man whose jests we hear as they come fresh from his own lips. All I claim for Falstaff is that he would be able to convulse us if he were alive and accessible. Few, as I have said, are the humorists who can induce this state. To master and dissolve us, to give us the joy of being worn down and tired out with laughter, is a success to be won by no man save in virtue of a rare staying power. Laughter becomes extreme only if it be consecutive. There must be no pauses for recovery. Touch-and-go humor, however happy, is not enough. The jester must be able to grapple his theme and hang on to it, twisting it this way and that, and making it yield magically all manner of strange and precious things, one after another, without pause. He must have invention keeping pace with utterance. He must be inexhaustible. Only so can he exhaust us.

I have a friend whom I would praise. There are many other

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of my friends to whom I am indebted for much laughter; but I do believe that if all of them sent in their bills to-morrow, and all of them overcharged me not a little, the total of all those totals would be less appalling than that which looms in my own vague estimate of what I owe to Comus. Comus I call him here in observance of the line drawn between public and private virtue, and in full knowledge that he would of all men be the least glad to be quite personally thanked and laurelled in the market-place for the hours he has made memorable among his cronies. No one is so diffident as he, no one as self-postponing. Many people have met him again and again without faintly suspecting "anything much" in him. Many of his acquaintances—friends, too—relatives, even—have lived and died in the belief that he was quite ordinary. Thus he is the more greatly valued by his cronies. Thus do we pride ourselves on having some curious right quality to which alone he is responsive. But it would seem that either this asset of ours or its effect on him is intermittent. He can be dull and null enough with us sometimes—a mere asker of questions or drawer of comparisons between this and that brand of cigarettes, or full expatiator on the merits of some new patent razor. A whole hour and more may be wasted in such humdrum and darkness. And then—something will have happened. There has come a spark in the murk; a flame now, presage of a radiance: Comus has begun. His face is a great part of his equipment. A cast of it might be somewhat akin to the comic mask of the ancients; but no cast could be worthy of it; nobility is the essence of it. It flickers and shifts in accord to the matter of his discourse, it contracts and it expands; is there anything its elastic can't express? Comus would be eloquent even were he dumb. And he is mellifluous. His voice, while he develops an idea or conjures up a scene, takes on a peculiar richness and unction. If he be describing an actual scene, voice and face are adaptable to those of the actual persons therein. But it is not in such mimicry that he excels. As a reporter he has rivals. For the most part, he moves on a higher plane than that of mere fact; he imagines, he creates, giving you not a person, but a type, a synthesis; and not what anywhere has been, but what anywhere might be—what, as one feels, for all the absurdity of it, just would

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be. He knows his world well, and nothing human is alien to him, but certain skeins of life have a special hold on him, and he on them. In his youth he wished to be a clergyman; and over the clergy of all grades and denominations his genius hovers and swoops and ranges with a special mastery. Lawyers he loves less; yet the legal mind seems to lie almost as wide-open to him as the sacerdotal; and the legal manner in all its phases he can unerringly burlesque. In the minds of journalists, diverse journalists, he is not less thoroughly at home, so that of the wild contingencies imagined by him there is none about which he cannot reel off an oral "leader" or "middle" in the likeliest style, and with as much ease as he can preach a High Church or a Low Church sermon on it. Nor are his improvisations limited by prose. If a theme calls for nobler treatment, he becomes an unflagging fountain of blank verse. Or again, he may deliver himself in rhyme. There is no form of utterance that comes amiss to him for interpreting the human comedy, or for broadening the farce into which that comedy is changed by him. Nothing can stop him when once he is in the vein. No appeals move him. He goes from strength to strength, while his audience is more and more piteously debilitated.

What a gift to have been endowed with! What a power to wield! And how often I have envied Comus! But this envy has never taken root. Incomparable laughter-giver, he is not much a laugher. He is vintner, not toper. I would not change places with him. I am well content to have been his beneficiary during thirty years, and to be so for as many more as may be given us.

MAX BEERBOHM.



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# CAMBODIAN SUNSET

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

## I

ETERNAL sunset has followed the noon of Cambodia's greatness. The Khmer Empire, which in Charlemagne's day held a power no less considerable in Asia than was his in Europe, has left behind it few traces of its imperialism or of its luxurious civilization. The military triumphs of a thousand years ago are now only dreams, as strange as those monstrous and monumental Asian palaces and temples whose moats, walls and pinnacles in the heart of the Cambodian jungle-forest confront the traveller of to-day.

The great Mekong River, flowing down channels wider than the Mississippi's, makes a pathway which may be ascended from the China Sea and the Gulf of Siam into the heart of ancient Cambodia. Along its banks live the modern Cambodians, an amiable and care-free race. Tropical nature has filled the Mekong River with shrimps as big as lobsters and cat-fish the size of sharks; it has crowded the banks with canes that drip sugar and palms that are clustered thick with cocoanuts; rice grows in these rich marshes with less effort of cultivation than in any other part of the world; and even though all these resources were lacking, still the compact bunches of small fat bananas that hang in the groves within arm's reach of the houses would serve well enough to feed the childlike dwellers along the great river. As for clothing, a yard of calico every year or two is all they use or require.

As one ascends the Mekong from its mouth near Saigon, the marks of the French occupation of the country grow ever fewer. At the Cambodian capital, Pnom Penh, the foreigners have turned most of the city into a very fair imitation of any provincial French town, with a café or two where the sacred iron table

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spreads its familiar welcome; but the aged King of Cambodia is still permitted to maintain a comic-opera court, in the fantastic and comparatively inexpensive luxury of harems, opium, and foreign military decorations, under roofs that curve in impossible spiral lines and spires that suddenly become four-faced heads of a certain terrible Indian god whose significance and very name these people have forgotten.

Here at Pnom Penh, one living relic of Cambodia's greater day survives in the persons of the royal dancers. These hundreds of slender, full-bosomed bayaderes, chosen from the families of the upper class, share the king's bed and board; and when they appear in their more official and rare function of the dance, on the open dancing-stage that occupies the centre of the palace-enclosure, the privileged foreign visitor rubs his eyes in bewilderment. For the spectacle is extraordinary. Clad in skin-tight garments of gold and jewels, sparkling with light, often masked with grotesque golden animals' heads, the bayaderes advance, poise, gyrate, combine in dramatic and sensual episodes of pursuit or struggle,—all with fantastic movements whose unnatural and horrible beauty is said to result from the fact that their wrists and ankles were carefully dislocated in early youth and have been kept in a state of abnormal flexibility ever since. Both the bayaderes and their dances are therefore works of art,—works of a terribly Asiatic art, in its full strength and sensual poignancy.

Beyond Pnom Penh, as one advances up the wide and muddy river, tropical nature and the simple native life are all one sees. Huge rice-junks and narrow pirogues with high sharp prows glide over the waters that are the general highway. The houses, built on stilts in the true Malay fashion, spread their thatched roofs at the edge of the river; over them rise tall cocoanut palms with splendid tufted tops, or areca palms as slender and delicate as arrows. In the blinding sunlight, naked children, just the color of the reddish-brown soil of the caving banks, rush to the water's edge to watch the passing steamer; and as dusk descends on the calm river, it is the traveller alone who watches the last greenish-orange glow of the tropical sunset; the natives are already asleep.

Dawn, returning in incredible freshness of blue and pink, finds

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the fishermen again afloat in their narrow pointed boats and barges. A hundred huge white pelicans, drifting on the water not far off, testify that this is indeed a happy fishing-ground. Pink cranes, white herrons, blue kingfishers and grey fishhawks fly about busily through the brilliant morning light. This wide region of river, where the flood has invaded the edges of the forest, is the path to the great and ancient city of Angkor, once the capital of the Khmer Empire when its Indian kings set their heels upon the neck of Cambodia.

Leaving the river, the way to Angkor leads through forests of palms and banyans and bananas where native life at its simplest and most primitive flourishes in sunflooded tranquillity. Water-wheels turn slowly in a small river that runs alongside the road, lifting a modest supply of water to the very doorsteps of the dwellers along the banks. The houses are built on piles, with floors a few feet above the ground; under them live happily a few chickens, pigs, cats and dogs, not more crowded or more sociable than is the human family in the dwelling above. Four generations of women are likely to be looking out from the unglazed windows or the small veranda; the grandmother, shrunken and white-haired but very live; the mother, vigorously shaking a basket-tray to sift the rice from its husks; the daughter, superbly poised as only women poise who are accustomed to balancing baskets on their heads as they walk; and the granddaughter, who runs naked and laughing in the sun. All but the youngest of the four have their hair cut in precisely that close pompadour fashion which was popular with American youths a few years ago; were they not almost unclothed from the waist up, one would not recognize them as women. A few men of the family and a dozen children occupy themselves outside the house. In the little enclosure of the yard is often a large wooden mortar with its sledge-hammer pestle for the pounding of grain. A rude ox-cart stands behind the house, and a naked child placidly supervises two huge black water-buffaloes who are taking their habitual midday soaking in the river. It is through such world-old scenes as this that one reaches ancient Angkor.

Not so very different, perhaps, were the scenes that greeted the Khmer conquerors of this region when they invaded the

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country and first established at Angkor the imperial capital of a great military Power. The original resistance to their dominance could not have been great or concerted. But time brings certain revenges; and the fierce Indian blood of the conquerors has long since been mastered and tamed by the sluggish Malay blood of the aborigines whom they overcame. As the Khmer warriors' century after century, overstepped the boundaries of caste and interwove their strain with that of the women of the country, the Khmer race lost itself in the weakness of the race it had conquered, and all traces of it disappeared.

Here in Cambodia was the end of the Khmers; but their origin was in India. Early in the Christian era, colonies of them began to penetrate through the wastes of jungle that lie between India and Cambodia. Slowly their power increased in these regions. And legendary though the Cambodian chronicles may be as to the early centuries of this invasion, it appears certain that before the sixth century the Khmers had grown enormously in numbers and had established themselves as the ruling power of the country. From it, they reached out to other countries; and the legend is that once a hundred kings were vassals to the Khmer throne. We need not believe this too literally, nor are we required to accept unquestioningly the statement that its army counted fifteen million men. But that the Khmer power was very great cannot be doubted. Certainly the Khmers imposed their conception of civilization and splendor upon a region whose native inhabitants had never dreamed such dreams before. It was in the period between the ninth and the twelfth centuries that this power bore fruit in the one magnificence that still survives—its architecture.

## II

The architecture of Angkor, in its present state of decay, would not have its present power of appeal to our emotions if it stood on an open plain, as do the ruins of Delhi or Thebes. The forest and jungle which have almost mastered these walls and towers are half of the drama of Angkor. For this is the scene of a five-act tragedy; first, man overcomes his rivals and becomes master of the jungle that was theirs; next, he overcomes the jungle

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and clears its tangled depths for his own uses; then, profiting by Nature's wealth, he imposes the works of his imagination and the high pinnacles of his dreams on the spot that was once hers; thereafter, he succumbs to the poison of her luxurious gifts; and finally he and his works perish under the grasp of her relentless roots and tendrils.

All the fabulous and incredible trees of the world seem to have chosen the region of Angkor as their habitat. Here the gigantic *yao* tree raises its long smooth trunk a hundred feet into the air and then spreads out into a few beautifully moulded and grandiose branches. The banyan, with trunk perhaps thirty feet thick, sends its humping roots out to cover the ground for an acre, while its wide-spread branches overshadow an even greater space on the earth. The ebony tree, the sandal, the lac, the teak and the iron-wood all fight here in the jungle for their right to live; and around the feet of them all sprout the bamboo, the rattan with its dangerous spikes, and a hundred different kinds of creepers, vines, and orchids that drape and festoon the monsters of the forest with a borrowed richness of foliage.

The triumph of the terrible fecundity of the jungle over the ruin of an ancient greatness is what confronts one first upon entering the former imperial capital, Angkor Thom. The wide moat surrounding the great square city is now choked with thick vegetation, or turned into mud-flats and rice fields. The formidable battlements are concealed by trees and vines whose roots have been tearing the stones apart for centuries. Five causeways once crossed the moat to the walls, each ornamented with monumental ballustrades representing fifty giants in stone who, crouching, hold in their arms the colossal body of the snake Naga, its head rearing itself toweringly at the end of the causeway. Now only fragments of this superbly imaginative work remain. The five great gates of the city still stand, but broken and staggering under the assault of so many summers of hostile tropical life.

The Khmer king Yacovarman selected this site, at the end of the ninth century, and made it the capital of his rule; after it was finished he boasted of it as the peerless city, "impregnable, terrifying." Its square enclosure contained acres of elaborate

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dwellings, palaces, temples, avenues, terraces and courts. The jungle has swept like a tidal wave over it all; and it is only the loftiest and most cyclopean of the many edifices that have been able to preserve even a trace of their existence.

Near the centre of the city, one great temple has resisted complete ruin. Bayom, though sadly shattered, still lifts its central pyramidal mass above the wreck of its outlying galleries, and from this platform its fifty great four-faced towers rise higher than even the forest. Nothing in all Angkor will strike the imagination of the traveller more than these cone-shaped pinnacles, each one carved into four colossal human faces representing Brahma. Beside and behind and above one another these mysteriously smiling faces rise, with broken lips and foreheads that are cracking apart—like the nightmare-apparitions of one who dreams himself lost in the tangles of the jungle where suddenly the spectacle of these faces, half-human, half-divine, inscrutable, and ruined, confront him as an enigma and a mockery.

Beyond them lies the great open space where, entering through the Gate of Victory, the Khmer armies paraded before the king. It is bounded on one side by an immense terrace, carved with the figures of fighting elephants, behind which the ruins of the royal palace mingle vaguely with the forest. Beyond it rises the so-called Terrace of the Leper King, in tier after tier of carvings; there sits the impassive, slightly smiling figure of the Leper King himself—often with hundreds of small chattering monkeys at play around him in the sun. And encircling all this, rise the gigantic and magnificent trees of the forest and the impenetrable living wall of the jungle.

## III

Outside the walls of the city of Angkor Thom, and far less ruined than is the city, the temple of Angkor Wat lifts its galleries and its five great grey towers in a formal magnificence that dominates the whole green surrounding country. It, too, has a wide moat, where pale pink and blue water-flowers now cover the water, and miles of high square wall to protect the temple-enclosure.

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The towering head and long body of Naga, the mythological many-headed serpent, confront one in stone at the entrance; and along all the causeways and terraces of the temple, this appalling apparition is repeated again and again, with a profusion of decoration and a lavishness of malevolence such as only the tropics can produce. The conception of Naga is an imaginative triumph of demoniac sensuality and poisonous power. It dominates all the approaches. On the walls and galleries around move endless carven figures of the Tevadas or sacred dancers—bare-breasted women clad in jewels and floating scarves, poising in attitudes whose fantastic rhythms haunt one as much with strangeness as with beauty. Sacred and sensual, immobile yet having the power to move, they recur on all the walls and passages of the huge sanctuary, the curious priestesses of a still more curious god.

It was to honor Siva that this temple was erected. He is a terrible and lustful god. The original Indian conception of him as a deity of destruction was quickly obscured by another idea. Before Angkor Wat was built, Siva had become the Siva whom we know in living India. He is the embodiment which Indian Brahmanism has chosen to give to its passions, endowing him with divine attributes and sinister splendors, celebrating him in rituals, statues and temples. He represents not mere simple animal concupiscence, but rather a bestiality that has taken on the resistless power and infinite scope of deity. The normal Western mind that begins to understand the popular Indian conception of him is likely to grow dizzy. No carved stone has ever pictured him adequately; but he lives incarnate in millions of human faces in India. From India, with the Khmers, he came to Angkor.

Except for Naga and the Tevadas, his temple of Angkor Wat bears few obvious marks of him. It consists of two enormous oblong galleries, one within the other, and in the centre a dizzy platform from which rise the five great central towers shaped like lotus-buds. Carving is everywhere, executed with a refinement of taste that is wholly alien to such monuments as that of Madura and Trichinopoli, in Southern India. The outer gallery is one mass of wall-sculpture, representing the myths, triumphs, and daily life of the Khmer rulers—a vast stretch of relief-work

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ten feet high and two thousand feet long crowded with the figures of men, beasts, and gods. The second gallery is higher, raised on terraces of masonry, with a cruciform passage that leads to the final court, from which twelve monumental stairways lead up to the central platform.

The stairways used by the Khmer builders constitute one of the most curious and characteristic elements of their architecture. They are invariably of a narrowness and a steepness that astonishes the spectator. That sense of grandeur and spaciousness which is imparted by breadth of stair alone to so many European buildings is not to be found in Cambodia. These builders aimed at a wholly different kind of impressiveness—that of perilous height. So each step of their staircases is perhaps three or four times as high as it is deep. A stairway thus becomes a dizzying and dangerous precipice, mounting almost perpendicularly to the sacred platform.

From the height of the central platform there opens a wide view, out over the two encircling galleries with their massive corner-towers and gateways, out over the temple-enclosure and its long causeway of approach, and finally to the green of the forest which stretches away to the horizon in every direction. Behind one rise the five central towers like veritable mountains of carved stone. Not a sound echoes through the vast and melancholy emptiness of courts and terraces, unless perhaps it be the footsteps of some yellow-robed Buddhist monk wandering through these precincts which Buddhism six centuries ago wrested from its earlier gods.

## IV

Certain outlying forest-temples, secreted in almost impenetrable depths of jungle, have an atmosphere wholly different from the deserted spaciousness of Angkor Wat. The temple of Ta Prohm is one of them. Entering through the crumbling gateways of the large enclosure, one finds his way through labyrinthine galleries into courtyards that seem to have been built expressly to do honor to the gigantic banyan trees whose thirty-foot trunks have taken possession of them. Only occasional flickers of greenish sunlight can penetrate down through the

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dense and lofty foliage; and these courts are in a perpetual green gloom, like that of temples sunk under the sea. High overhead the continual cries and songs of a multitude of birds among the branches is the only sign of life—except perhaps a horrible snake twenty feet long and as big as a man's arm that writhes heavily off into the dark recesses of the ruined masonry. Another temple, Prah Khan, is the scene of an even more complete desolation: there one climbs for hours over unrecognizable piles of carved stones and creepers. Enormous trees grow out of the tops of walls which their roots have half torn apart and now hold firmly together in cracked and ruined masses. Occasionally from amid the confusion appears a lintel carved with magnificent arabesque designs or the sculptured form of a bare-breasted sacred dancer, poising in scarves and jewels. At still another temple, Neak Pean, a gigantic tree has perched on the very top of the small central shrine, and, enveloping the structure with its mighty roots like the arms of an octopus, it grasps and almost wholly conceals the edifice. One can fancy those mighty tentacles slowly thickening and tightening year by year in the torrential rains and the furnace-heat of the sun, until at last they crush the very stones to dust. The strength of these roots is immense; at Prah Khan, one has wound itself around a stone weighing half a ton and pushed it off the wall of which it was once a part, so that now it is hung suspended, ten feet away from the wall and high in mid-air.

At one of these outlying sanctuaries, the finely-proportioned and lofty pyramidal temple of Takeo, I had once a curious adventure that brought me into direct and disturbing relations with the gods. On the first platform of the edifice, in a corner where laborers had recently been working to clear away some of the ruined walls, I came suddenly upon two remarkable statues of dark bassalt. One was of Siva, standing in a lordly attitude of repose, with garments carved in an archaicly simple dignity and a face that was an exceptionally fine example of the early Khmer style. The other statue was of Parvati, the wife of Siva; and the instant I set eyes on it I knew it to be the most superb work of Khmer sculpture at its prime that human eyes are ever likely to see. From a delicately but powerfully moulded woman's body rose the head that was the statue's chief glory; a head severe and

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magnificent, noble and sensual, disdainful and exquisite. Among all the sculpture I had ever looked at, nothing had ever moved me as did this. The only comparable heads that I knew were one or two of the primitive Greek heads of priestesses in the Museum of the Acropolis. I looked at its strange beauty with increasing wonder.

Then suddenly I saw that the head had, in some remote age, been broken free from the body and now merely rested on the shoulders. I touched it, it came free; I lifted it from its place, hid it in my portfolio, and, shivering with excitement, went quietly out of the temple.

I did not sleep at all that night. My triumph, and the desire to look incessantly at that beautiful cold proud face, kept me awake. For me, the might and majesty of Angkor was all concentrated in that head. It was, indeed, the most superb work of art I had ever possessed. It was one of the most triumphant things in the whole world.

But the more beautiful and unique I realized it to be, the more an uneasiness began to possess me. I was not touched in the slightest degree by any ordinary remorse or moral misgiving; I did not mind stealing a thing so imperial as this:—and yet I was profoundly disturbed by the thought that the head and the body of this remarkable statue were now to be separated forever.

Could I have returned to the temple and stolen the body too, I should have been set completely at rest; but the size and weight of the torso prohibited such a possibility. A sense of a terrible and irreparable injury done to a great work of art began to press down on me. I thought of the Winged Victory which now stands headless at the top of the great stairway of the Louvre. Where was that head now? Where would this head be when the Louvre held this Khmer torso? . . . How easy it is to diminish the world's beauty by more than one has ever been able to add to it!

So I found I could not endure it, after all. And in the early dawn, with a kind of disgusted relief, I took back to Takeo the head of Parvati, the wife of Siva. To this day, I regret her, and think that I was somewhat of a fool to give her up.

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## V

After a long hard day among the remoter and outlying ruins of Angkor, one leaves the temple-precincts and climbs a ladder up to the dizzyingly high howdah of one's elephant. The driver, perched astride of the neck, begins to kick the right ear of that lumbering, uncomfortable, and sagacious beast. Then slowly the vast bulk of the animal sways homeward, under gigantic trees through which glimpses of a clear and golden sunset shine. At first the road is a mere tunnel through the jungle, where the elephant must frequently pause to clear the way with his powerful trunk. Then it becomes an open highway. Along this road stroll the amiable half-naked Cambodians; the men carry three-year-old children on their backs; the women nurse one-year-olds; the other children straggle as they please. All are enjoying the evening coolness and calm; evening in the tropics is always a calm, after the tremendous reverberations of the noonday sun. Now, these natives of the soil stop, staring at the passing alien traveller and his elephant. The traveller himself, who has perhaps not been accustomed to so lofty and lordly a means of locomotion, may well find his imagination suddenly filled with pictures of the days when the Khmer lords and princes of Angkor, on their caparisoned elephants, rode down these highways in the wondering sight of peasants, through a Cambodian sunset of a thousand years ago.

It was in the fourteenth century that the mighty Khmer Empire passed into the world of shadows. Inevitable decline comes to a great military Power; it must grow, become overmastering, celebrate its noonday in luxury and the arts, and pass away. Siam, growing in strength, began to encroach from the west; and Cambodia grew weaker. After long wars, Angkor was finally abandoned by the Khmer kings, and the magnificent capital fell first into the hands of the Siamese, and then into the clutches of the jungle and ruin.

Eternal sunset is now the destiny of the once-mighty kingdom of Cambodia. As a French colony, it can never again have a civilization of its own; its only destiny is to feed an over-populated France with the lavish riches of its soil and the very moderate

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labor of its natives, and to serve as a happy hunting ground for French commercialism. The modern kings of Cambodia dream opium-dreams under toy spires and are grateful for the rosettes of the Legion which the tactful French bestow upon them; the ancient kings of Cambodia sleep the sleep that is granted to both the just and the unjust. Of the music, the painting, the drama and the poetry that must have been the accompaniment of the Khmer architecture, nothing has been preserved. Angkor alone remains, a great and melancholy monument. Should it seem too melancholy, one may recall, in consolation or in irony, that, older than Angkor, there still survive at Pnom Penh around the senile king the dancing bayaderes of Cambodia's youth.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

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# CHINESE POEMS

## BY LI T'AI-PO

Translated by Florence Ayscough
English versions by Amy Lowell

## SONGS OF THE MARCHES

### I

It is the fifth month,
But still the Heaven-high hills
Shine with snow.
There are no flowers
For the heart of the Earth is yet too chilly.
From the centre of the camp,
Comes the sound of a flute
Playing "The Snapped Willow."
No color mists the trees,
Not yet have their leaves broken.
At dawn there is the shock and shouting of battle,
Following the drums and the loud metal gongs.
At night, the soldiers sleep, clasping the pommels of their jade-ornamented saddles.
They sleep lightly,
With their two-edged swords girt below their loins,
So that they may be able in an instant to rush upon the Barbarians
And destroy them.

### II

Horses!
Horses!
Swift as the three dogs' wind.
Whips stinging the clear air like the sharp calling of birds,
They ride across the camel-back bridge
Over the river Wei.
They bend the bows,
Curving them away from the moon which shines behind them
Over their own country of Han.
They fasten feathers on their arrows
To destroy the immense arrogance of the foe.
Now the regiments are divided
And scattered like the five-pointed stars,

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Sea mist envelops the deserted camp,
The task is accomplished,
And the portrait of Ho P'iao Yao
Hangs magnificently in the Lin Pavilion.

III

When Autumn burns along the hills,
The Barbarian hordes mount their horses
And pour down from the North.
Then, in the country of Han,
The Heavenly soldiers arise
And depart from their homes.
The High General
Divides the tiger tally.
Fight, Soldiers!
Then lie down and rest
On the Dragon sand.
The frontier moon casts the shadow of bows upon the ground,
Swords brush the hoar-frost flowers of the Barbarians' country.
The Jade Pass has not yet been forced,
Our soldiers hold it strongly.
Therefore the young married women
May cease their lamentations.

IV

The Heavenly soldiers are returning
From the sterile plains of the North.
Because the Barbarians desired their horses
To drink of the streams of the South,
Therefore were our spears held level to the charge
In a hundred fights.
In straight battle our soldiers fought
To gain the supreme gratitude
Of the Most High Emperor.
They seized the snow of the Inland Sea
And devoured it in their terrible hunger.
They lay on the sand at the top of the Dragon Mound
And slept.
All this they bore that the Moon Clan
Might be destroyed.
Now indeed have they won the right
To the soft, high bed of Peace.
It is their just portion.

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## PARROT ISLAND

The parrots come, they cross the river waters of Wu.
The island in the river is called Parrot Island.
The parrots are flying West to the Dragon Mountain.
There are sweet grasses on the island, and how green, green are its trees!

The mists part, and one can see the leaves of the spear orchid, and its scent is warm on the wind,
The water is embroidered and shot with the reflections of the peach-tree blossoms growing on both banks.
Now indeed does the departing official realize the full meaning of his banishment.
The long island, the solitary moon, facing each other in the brightness.

## THE BATTLE TO THE SOUTH OF THE CITY

How dim the battle-field, as yellow dusk!
The fighting men are like a swarm of ants.
The air is thick, the sun a red wheel.
Blood dyes the wild chrysanthemums purple.
Vultures hold the flesh of men in their mouths,
They are heavy with food—they cannot rise to fly.
There were men yesterday on the city wall;
There are ghosts to-day below the city wall.
Colors of flags like a net of stars,
Rolling of horse-carried drums—not yet is the killing ended.
From the house of the "unworthy one"—a husband, sons,
All within earshot of the rolling horse-drums.

## AUTUMN RIVER SONG

(On the Broad Reach)

In the clear green water—the shimmering moon;
In the moonlight—white herons flying.
A young man hears a girl plucking water-chestnuts,
They paddle home together through the night, singing.

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# THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA

BY ANNE ATWOOD DODGE

There shall be no more sea!
Then presently
We shall turn listless eyes
On Paradise,
And carelessly behold
Jasper and beaten gold.
Aimlessly up and down
The streets of God's tall town
That was not built by hands,
Throughout untroubled lands
Where glassy rivers flow,
Our restless feet will go;
And to the crystal walls,
Whence the sight falls
And falters in the bright
Incredible light,
We shall come wistfully
Straining our eyes to see,
Wonderfully small and far,
Our sea-enamelled star.

How shall we sing
God's praises, wearying
For the wind and the fog and the brave
Thunder of wave upon wave,
For salt upon our lips
And the excellent beauty of ships,
For sound and sight
Of all our old delight?

God, whom our fathers wrought
Out of their travailing thought,
Deal with us generously—
Give us our sea!



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# "THE SUNDOWN SPLENDID AND SERENE"

BY KEVORK COSTIKYAN

If there is one thing above all others which, despite its pathos, we should seek to regard without illusions, it is the supreme mystery we call death. That devastating catastrophe which dims the light of the most luminous personalities cannot be viewed either as exclusively one of the mechanical reactions of nature or, on the other hand, as a purely mystical experience which eludes all attempt at rational interpretation. Death is a definitive tragedy, an inexorable moral reality. It is endowed with incontestable spiritual finality. Whether it be the end of all conscious personal life, or the gate to a transcendent supernatural ecstasy that orthodox religion promises to its devotees, or something wholly different from either of these, it remains the one overwhelming challenge of destiny to which we can offer no adequate resistance. Immutable as nature herself, it is the circumstance of death that invests life with meaning and makes it so precious a heritage. For if we did not constantly envisage the shadow that hovers over us with its fateful summons, life would lose much of its enchantment.

In the presence of a reality of such grandeur, reason must be both dispassionate and imaginative. It must, in the first place, survey the pretensions of science and determine whether its legitimate province extends to the realm beyond death. Once this is determined, reason must invoke its more prophetic instincts to consider what intuitions of immortality are most consonant with idealistic aspiration.

With increasing assurance, modern science is encroaching upon the boundaries of those things that are unseen and eternal. Scientists of distinction declare with temerity that the psychical is as fruitful a field of empirical investigation as the physical, and that accurate observation and logical deduction are as feasible in the world of the spirit as in the world of matter. Even

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some of those who have been most skeptical of religious dogma have found in psychical research a new foundation for a conception of personal immortality.

With so intricate a relation between matter and mind, it is not surprising that the often subtle distinction between nature and spirit should tend to become impalpable. The mind that boasts of seeing life steadily will never concede that it cannot see life whole, and to see life whole, one must formulate a cogent theory of death. The synthesis of natural and supernatural, the coördination and interdependence of the two, afford a fertile field of speculation. What more plausible than that the laws which govern the one should be deemed applicable to the other, and that a fortuitous kinship of form give rise to an identification of essence?

We cannot regard with much respect the more ordinary manifestations of this tendency. Partly, perhaps, as a result of the more widespread acquaintance with death induced by the Great War, but principally as a facile adventure in a novel and forbidding realm, there has arisen a vast popular curiosity about the occult, particularly as concerns the possibility of communication with the dead and the establishment of privileged confidential relations with the invisible powers. But this popular tendency is largely an aberration; it has little profundity and still less wisdom. It does not portend a quickened sense of spiritual appreciation nor a heightened vision of ultimate truth. On the contrary, it is indicative of decadence. Among its deplorable consequences, it has cheapened the universal valuation of those verities that can never be held too dear, and has degraded the supernatural to an indignity it never suffered in the days of the most flagrant superstition.

Loftier motives have no doubt prompted those scientists who have furthered the serious study of these subjects. Starting out with an eager instinct to discover new lands for scientific observation, they have ended by ascribing moral implications to their discoveries with a view to palliating the bitterness of death. They have sought to dismiss death as a metamorphosis purely of form, an incident that neither destroys the familiar qualities of personality nor produces any vital cleavage of human associa-

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tions. They have endeavored to bridge the awful chasm that separates the quick from the dead by a channel of communication which is represented to be as potent, and infallible, as the wireless telegraph.

The claims of what is called psychical research have been the object of severe critical consideration, but as a rule these criticisms have been based upon the inadequacy of the evidence to sustain the conclusions reached. It is quite true that a mass of the so-called evidence in these cases is of the most negligible, almost flippant, character and that the possibility of chicanery is infinitely great. But there are graver faults and sterner foundations for discontent with the trend of this field of investigation. There is no question that the realm that is uncovered by these intrepid observers offers one of the most attractive vistas to the human imagination. The delights it portrays and the solaces it promises to the earth-ridden mortal have an appeal that is well-nigh mystical. Yet for this very reason acceptance of these tenets is all the more insidious if it is shown that they are not the product of clear insight. If it were merely shortcomings of method that were at fault, these might be corrected. But it is worse than this, it is something more basic than the inadmissability of the evidence that is adduced. It is the fundamental incongruity of attempting to reconcile things that are utterly irreconcilable, the tragic futility of endeavoring to unite in indissoluble harmony essences that are intrinsically incompatible.

Why is it that science is incompetent to pronounce judgment on the supernatural? Why must we distrust her voice when she speaks in the most caressing tones of her familiarity with the realm of the spirit? Why are we compelled to repudiate her authority when she ventures beyond the confines of matter? It is not because we disdain enlightenment in these obscure realms, nor because we fear to join the quest for the greatest adventure that life affords. It is rather because we know that the scope of science is coördinate with the universe of nature, and that as soon as she invades the sanctuary of the spirit, she becomes an interloper whose utterance is discredited and whose presence is resented.

Life divorced from the body is a field for speculation, for

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hypothesis, for faith, if you will, but not for verification. Personality is a force so inseparably associated with the body that its independent existence is absolutely incapable of being scientifically demonstrated. The very communications with the dead which the disciples of this new superstition set forth as their consummate vindication, necessarily presage either a human voice or a written instrument, both of which are attributes of a human body which it is admitted has been forever abandoned. This is necessarily bound to be the case, for all "messages" from these ghostly visitants must be conveyed, in order to be understood, through the medium of the senses, the very senses which the emancipated soul consigned to earth with his mortal remains.

If we subscribe to the doctrine of a continued existence after death, as the advocates of psychical research would have us do, we will be compelled to accept some appalling logical corollaries. We cannot escape the fact that life, in the only form we know it, is conditioned by the common necessity to struggle for self-preservation, and the inevitable conflict between good and evil. How can we conceive a disembodied spirit struggling for self-preservation when our definition of a spirit specifies a substance that is self-existing and eternal? Similarly, can we with any sanity affirm a moral dualism in the supernatural wherein a valiant spirit can be vanquished in battling for the right and forfeit the just fruits of his moral victories on earth? Would not the suggestion of such possibilities provoke doubt of the moral significance of human life, and would not their acceptance undermine many of the rational incentives that govern both conduct and reflection?

The truth is that, so far as science is concerned, when life becomes extinct in man his fortunes and his destiny are ended. Spiritual autopsy will never disclose one iota of knowledge that is of any consequence. Until this is understood, intellectual confusion on the subject will be augmented, and death will be shrouded in a deeper obscurity and a more inconsolable despair, when it is seen that the vaunted contentions of psychical research are a mockery and a pretense.

It is the imagination to which we must turn for a coherent interpretation of the significance of death and a lucid vision of

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the spiritual destiny of man. Religion has cloaked these mysteries in symbolic dogmas, whose literal acceptance has tended to invalidate the profundity underlying the original conceptions. It is philosophy, mellowed by religion, that must dissociate the abiding values from the ephemeral, and unfold the true nature of the spirit.

In the first place, it must be understood, with positive emphasis, that death, from a moral point of view, is the end of a race that man has run. The dogma of the Last Judgment has a sound moral basis. It is folly to hold out to erring man the prospect of a future existence in which he can redress the wrongs he has done in this world, and compensate himself for his temporal disappointments. Life from the cradle to the grave must be reckoned as a tale that is told. When death supervenes upon life, the die is cast forever. We have molded our spiritual destiny in an ineradicable image, our accounts have been cast up once for all. However ignoble or however glorious our encounter with life in its manifold aspects, our character is permanently fixed. Otherwise there is no potency in moral excellence, no virtue in that which our higher instincts tell us is choice-worthy. We cannot appease our conscience or stultify our intellect by anticipation of another world in which the injustices of this world are to be corrected.

The tradition that fostered belief in a concrete heaven and an even more unmistakable hell was wise in its intent. Heaven was to represent a celestial guerdon for those whose life on earth merited approbation; hell was to be the asylum of those who had fallen short of achieving the good of which their natures were capable. There was no suggestion in this tradition of another chance offered to man after death either to make good his delinquencies or to lose what he had gained at such cost. A continued existence, patterned after life on earth, presupposes both these alternatives, and for this reason is neither sound ethics nor coherent thinking.

There is, on the other hand, no valid objection to belief in a future life, provided the belief is not claimed to be a scientific certainty. Our faith is largely the child of our desire, and if we find that such a belief is congenial to our aspirations, it is wholly

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proper to cherish it. The imagination may then visualize the supernatural conditions appropriate to such a belief, and, if embodied in suitable ritual, this faith may well become a vital element of religion. Without the survival of the individual consciousness and personality, most minds are unable to conceive any kind of eternal life whatever, and it is far better to have an individualistic conception of immortality than none at all. At least it will afford a shining goal that will enliven the heart in the bleak monotony of daily existence and enrich the spirit with its vivid glow. The enthusiasm thus kindled may well provide the moral energy necessary to support burdens that appear well-nigh insupportable, and the prospect of a serene, untroubled eternity may quiet the turbulent spirit that is shedding blood and tears in its grapple with circumstance.

But we must not forget that what sanctifies the faith we have been discussing is the deep religious exaltation that feeds it. Once we attempt to create the same burning enthusiasm by means of a scientific formula, we invalidate the poetic truth that vindicates faith. That is why even the most patently materialistic conceptions of the early Christians and other zealous believers were never debasing—they had a spiritual source and a spiritual meaning that created an idealized faith radiant with beauty. From the travail of human experience there comes a faith with everlasting springs, which asks no cloud of earthly witnesses to fortify or vitalize it.

No faith is contagious that is not spontaneous, no belief has vitality that leans on analysis. True faith is both discipline and adventure: it chastens the undaunted spirit with a purging fire, and at the same time beckons the aspiring soul to enter into the presence of the Most High.

The most integral element of faith is bound to be centred around some conception of immortality. Whatever is enduring in us craves its ideal affinities. Beyond the transitory delights and incurable sorrows that condition terrestrial existence, the courageous spirit is eager to explore its eternal habitations. Is it strange that the soul should seek to be delivered from bondage to caprice and should indulge its aspiration for perfection? If we yield to the sway of reason, there is in us all an impulse to

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dispense with subterfuge, however glittering its aspect, and to come face to face with truth. As we become increasingly apprehensive of decay in nature, we would fain bind our allegiance to some imperishable ideal and participate in that which cannot atrophy. All the consolations of religion are illusory if they do not afford an ideal refuge from the moral catastrophes of nature or a vision of eternity that is detached from time and place.

Death can become the noblest moment of life if we will divest it of its accidental aspects and grasp its essential significance. To be sure, no reflections, however profound, can make adequate compensation for the solemn blight it casts upon human affection. There are certain intimate griefs that can never be healed, certain personal losses that are irretrievable. Denial of the mystery of evil will only intensify the inalienable tragedy of existence. But the human spirit is endowed with a native dignity which enables us to rationalize death even if we cannot circumvent it, and to discover indestructible joy in the heart of irremediable pain.

When the poet characterized death as "the sundown splendid and serene" he gave expression to a truth that all rare spirits instinctively feel when they seek communion with the eternal. The glory of life consists in the fulfillment of noble aspirations despite the clumsy interference of natural events. Even a momentary vision of an ideal in full bloom will redeem the sordid press of material circumstance. That is why, except to profoundly ungoverned souls, the discipline of life is never permanently irksome. The disclosure of excellence in any of its manifold guises affords convincing evidence that there are spiritual altitudes which no evil can reach, everlasting truths in which there is no alloy of error.

If we will temper our hope with reflection, we will not be haunted by the ghastly spectre of death. We will view life itself with more veneration when we realize that its decisions are irrevocable and that its ideal significance is not subject to revision. When our days are numbered the immortal spirit will come face to face with the eternal scrutiny, a scrutiny whose appraisal will stand forever. Once this is grasped, the worth of human life is immeasurably enhanced and its joys chastened. And the approach

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of death, instead of being dreaded, as it is by the worldling and the sensualist, is accepted as a clear opportunity for the liberation of the spirit.

The knowledge that human life, with all of its intrinsic shortcomings, persists in a disembodied form after death, would fill the philosophic soul with dismay. Aside from the affront to intelligence that such a certitude would entail, it would portend the cardinal spiritual disaster to which man is prey. Thanks to the gift of reason, we need not anticipate any such tragic calamity. What the human spirit really craves after death is a tranquillity that is impossible while it is imprisoned in the flesh.

At the basis of the passion for immortality is the poignant hope that the things we cherish most dearly will not die. Refined into its essential purity, this belief is nothing but a consuming desire that the good we achieve, the truth we honor, the beauty we envisage, may not lose their potency when the body begins to dissolve into its natural elements. In short, it is the preservation of our ideal attainments that is sought. There are times when this vision of an ideal immortality is revealed to us in the most unmistakable fashion, and it is worthy of note that both philosophy and religion testify to the authenticity of the vision.

There are three obstacles to a just appreciation of ideal immortality. The first is the undue emphasis upon the accidental, rather than the essential, aspects of human personality. The second is the fallacy of identifying immortality with the persistence of consciousness, as a human phenomenon. The third is the shallow notion that immortality necessarily predicates some kind of existence. Each of these three prejudices operates as a check upon the free play which the imagination would otherwise give to the interpretation of the supernatural.

First as to personality. We may well believe that personality is a dynamic force that will survive death, for the reason that in itself it has a distinct ideal meaning. Even if there is such a thing as a universal soul, it is unquestionable that the individual soul is an ideal entity. For this reason, ideal immortality does not by any means involve obliteration of the individual. In some form that our finite minds cannot conceive, we may be confident that in the ideal economy the individual soul will have an abiding

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relationship. But we may be equally certain that only the fundamental, not the superficial, characteristics of personality will be thus eternally enshrined. However dear to us even the most insignificant traits of those to whom we are bound by ties of affection, we must realize that the vistas of the spirit are illimitable and that the vital elements of personality can be superimposed from the natural to the supernatural through channels that our intelligence cannot apprehend.

Then, as to the survival of consciousness. When we make this a condition of immortality, we forget that our understanding of consciousness is contingent upon the functioning of the senses and is therefore chimerical without the latter. We also overlook, what is of greater portent, that the scope of ideal immortality is infinitely wider than the range of any human capacity such as consciousness. Granted that consciousness is something inexpressibly precious, the fact remains that it is precious as something human, not as something divine. Yet here too, as in personality, we may feel assurance that the eternal coefficient of consciousness will be transfused into some ideal agency and assume some incorruptible significance.

Finally, as to the connection between existence and immortality. Existence is the flux of destiny, the conflict of a myriad wills with the unceasing magic of nature. Immortality is a world of ideas, where nature does not intrude, a realm purely spiritual where contemplation, not action, holds sway. Existence is therefore, so far as we know, an attribute only of life on this planet, and is incompatible with any worthy concept of immortality. Unless we are seeking immortality where it is not to be found, namely, in the universe of nature, we must cease to clothe our vision of eternity in garments of corruption. Human existence may have its ideal counterpart, but this will be something ineffably more worthy.

A nobler immortality awaits those who, with their gaze fastened upon the eternal, have sufficient wisdom gladly to surrender all the trappings of life. If we would live indefinitely, beyond the brief years that are allotted to us, let us not call ourselves partners of the gods, for we have not become partakers of their counsel. There is only one way to peace and that is to renounce,

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in our aspirations, all desire for survival after death which has a carnal basis. The true quest for immortality is the yearning for an ideal that we covet all the more because it is so elusive. The more closely we look into the recesses of nature for the secret of this ideal, the deeper will be our disappointment, for its temple is not there. We may find comfort and majesty in the constancy of nature, but implacable as they are, the forces of nature may yet eventually encompass their own destruction. The ideal, however, is master of nature, for it knows no change and reckons neither time nor place. It is inescapable because it is all-pervasive, and can never end for it has had no beginning. Because we are children of the infinite, we are heirs to that ideal immortality which, in the midst of death, imbues us with life.

KEVORK COSTIKYAN.

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# MENTAL GOODNESS

BY STARK YOUNG

We had all three descended from the same train, though from different compartments, and gone to the same hotel, the San Marco, almost the only one in Ravenna; and had been crossing one another's paths all day. And after luncheon I had seen the Englishman in carpet slippers sitting with his feet up on a chair in the *salone*, very much at home. The Frenchman had been there also, at the other end of the room, going over a portfolio of paintings and sketches that a porter had brought up from the station. But we had not spoken to each other. And then that evening at the café under the arcades of the piazza we drifted together. Our table was by one of the columns and near a flowering oleander, pale rose. A rumble of rich voices in Tuscan and Romagnese was everywhere.

The two men had already begun a conversation when I joined them, and I sat observing them a long while in silence.

The Englishman turned out to be a fellow in history at some Oxford college. He was a big man with a burly front and red eyebrows; but you could see that secretly his being swam in sentiment; he might swear gruffly enough but would fall in love with any ringlet curl. He had a way of not answering when the Frenchman expected him to; and toward both of us he manifested that huffiness of manner that so often accompanies English culture and puzzles unendingly the well-bred of other lands.

The Frenchman was a painter, a shrewd little man, climbed up from out some parental shop on the boulevards very likely. I had seen some of his paintings that afternoon in the *salone*. He was one of those busy French artists who seem to paint with milk under a magnifying-glass, smooth, creamy pictures with too much brown in the shadows, bourgeois, as apt and pat as a toilet soap; work that makes no furor, but sells, flowing to its own level

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as easily and gratefully as water. His hair was cropped close and his eyes were grey and clear. He spoke English very well.

I scarcely noted what the two were saying; they were talking about Ravenna, I heard that much. And one of them talked as much as the other, though the Englishman had a look that said: "Behold, I am taciturn. I belong to a strong, silent race." I observed this vaguely as my thoughts wandered out from the company and the glass of *Certosa verde* to the piazza around me and to Ravenna.

After seven years, Ravenna was more beautiful than ever. The war had waked it up somewhat; there was a new trades-union Government arising and a new public market, but they scarcely left a ripple. How Ravenna differed from Vicenza or Siena or Perugia or Florence: I was turning that question over in my mind. I thought of the quiet and romantic and warm quality of it; how the romance of Ravenna is deepened beyond that of Venice, which it is most like, by the basilicas, by the Byzantine and Roman, and by that pine forest between the town and the sea, whose lights and shadows make a part of the very air. And of the streets, half deserted, with their yellow and brown and rose and white and blue houses, faded now; long streets like canals, constantly varied like the streets of Venice by the shifting and turning of the lines of direction they take; but made more beautiful still by the delicate, changing levels of their ground. The tombs and basilicas, romantic with an old solitude, stand apart, lonely and quiet and open, glowing with mosaic, and carrying in their painted capitals the richest element of antique art, its color. Even the antiquities of this town are its own.

The night was coming down as we sat there. The old palaces of the piazza above their arcades were a soft rose-color against the deep blue of the sky, in which the stars were shining, near and golden and sharp. A kind of blue clearness still showed along the ground below. Then I realized all at once that the Frenchman was asking me a question.

"How many years was it, Monsieur, that Byron lived in Ravenna? Neither of us remembers. Do you know?"

"Two years," I replied. "Byron thought Ravenna the most beautiful city in Italy."

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"Indeed, Monsieur? How interesting to hear that! Perhaps I should agree with him—almost, not quite. I had thought that it might have been his love for the Contessa Guiccioli that kept him here. Monsieur here was saying—just what was it you were saying, Monsieur? I am too stupid to remember it clearly."

"I was saying," the Englishman repeated, "that Byron led a wild life in Venice, desperate in a way, if you see what I mean. But in Ravenna he seems to have settled down."

"The influence of the Contessa, Monsieur."

"Somewhat. And other causes. Personally I am not one of those who censure Byron harshly. There are people who won't read his poems, or won't praise them, because of his life, the women, the cynicism, the satire on established order. Seems to me a foolish attitude. We can certainly admire his genius without approving of his life. And I'm always reminded of the fact that there were many things in Byron's life that would excuse his conduct to some extent. Circumstances were often against him, poor chap!"

"*Excuse*, Monsieur?" the Frenchman interrupted, "how, *excuse?*"

"Why, I mean to say we all know Byron's life, what it was—"

"Certainly."

"But that shouldn't blind us to his merits as a poet. Byron had eloquence and great mental vigor. He has an infinity about him like the sea, as one of our critics says, the poet Swinburne—?"

"Ah, yes, Swinburne, to be sure, Monsieur."

"Well, if that be so, we ought to be able to overlook his failings in the light of his achievements. If you see what I mean."

I thought the Frenchman's eyes looked a little glaring, but he made no answer.

"What's more, the accounts are probably exaggerated."

"Grant they are true, Monsieur," the other said. "It is the same. I am not sure I *do* see what you mean. Perhaps it is that Frenchmen do not understand very well the Anglo-Saxons, not always. But why should we forgive Byron, may I ask again?"

"I mean that the English race"—the Englishman's voice grew tender as if he were speaking of a beloved brother—"is a just

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race. I believe we have a great desire to be human, to make allowances; justice is an Englishman's passion."

"What very odd passions the English have, Monsieur!"

"Naturally I don't mean to say that other races may not be just and human also."

"I think, Monsieur," the Frenchman replied, ignoring the concession quite as his little flippancy had just been ignored, "that there may be a difference after all. I should not understand very well this passion for forgiving a great poet like Byron because his poetry is great."

"It may well be that the French genius is harder," the Englishman said—"the *esprit de logique*."

"That may be. But why forgive or make excuses? It cannot help Byron or make him greater."

"But it praises Byron's genius without endorsing his conduct."

"Ah, I see. I see. We might say it preserves our greatness and Byron's also. That is it, is it not?"

"If you like."

"We protect our own standards, but also we confess that under the circumstances we should do the same thing. It is droll."

"Not entirely," the Englishman objected.

"Ah well, to our *mouton*. Byron is great, in some respects he differs from us—in theory, at least, if not always in conduct. Very well. In spite of his differing from us he is a great poet. Therefore we forgive him. You forgive him, Monsieur?"

"Oh, rather, I should say I do. Though I can't say that of all my friends."

"Exactly. And I see no need of forgiving him at all."

"But why be harsh in one's judgment of Byron?"

"That's one sort of good, perhaps, Monsieur. It is as you say, very kind, very tender, very just and human. It has a sort of piety in it, perhaps."

The Englishman added: "It is more charitable."

"Ah, Monsieur, and it is also easier. For if we make allowances for Byron, we do not have to reëxamine our own system, *n'est-ce pas?* But there is another sort of goodness, we think. What I may call mental goodness."

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"Mental goodness?" The Englishman filled another pipe with steady determination.

"Exactly, Monsieur: mental goodness, the goodness of understanding. I believe that instead of 'forgiving' Byron, as you say, it is better to understand the facts. That seems to me kinder, ah, much kinder! We may not of course enjoy it so much as we enjoy forgiving"—he looked up to see if his little thrust had gone home, but his listener sat masked in repose—"and it may be more disturbing than making allowances or altering history to suit ideals. You know the French phrase, I am sure, Monsieur: 'the defect of one's excellence'?"

"Certainly."

"That is what we mean by it. Byron's violence and extremes were part of that quality that swept his poetry along. His weakness with women was the defect of the excellence that made him a lyric poet. One accepts this as one accepts the fact that fire is beautiful but burns one. It is an extreme, it is regrettable. But the flame is an extreme as much as the burning is."

A sound of a bell far away, from off toward San Vitale, came to our ears, beautiful and soft. The little painter began to speak more vehemently.

"Is not this kinder in the end, Monsieur, to make the head to see straight than to depend on the humors of the heart?"

He turned to me when the Englishman said nothing: "To keep the heart in the head, that is better than so near the digestion, which has not the so good constancy. Ah, but the stomach has temperament, has it not?"

"Very much so," I agreed.

"But what do you think, Monsieur? You have been silent. What do you think of this in America?"

"In America," I said, "we are still in the forgiving stage also. Our biographies are usually the refinement of lying. Or of blinking, with pity. For example, take our favorite story-writer; he was in prison two years for taking money in a bank. But we don't like to admit it. We deny it, or we soften the facts. I know a man whose desk was next to this writer's. He saw the whole business. He tells me the three things the money was needed for were the support of the writer's wife,—who was ill

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and to whom he was devoted,—playing poker, and digging for a buried treasure down by the river."

"I see, Monsieur. And you mean that these same traits are behind the stories?"

"Just that. The gentleness and kindness and adventure and daredevil and romance in his stories all come out in this love for his wife, for gambling, for treasure-hunting, so strong that they made him steal."

"But also to create his art, Monsieur."

"Ah, but to admit that," I said, "people must be ready to look into their own scheme of values a little. It's pleasanter to do the other, be evasive or merciful."

"Exactly. It is sweet to be forgiving, is it not, Monsieur? But it is intelligent and permanent to be understanding."

He turned to the Englishman, smiling: "The defect of one's excellence is not a sacred phrase, perhaps, but it is the kindest in the world."

The Englishman looked off into the blue night, untouched by all this patter, and still silent. The Frenchman looked at me with a bit of a shrug, as if to say, "*Espèce de type anglais, non?*" Then the other took his pipe from his lips and said:

"The English nature is a compassionate and tender one."

The Frenchman looked at him a moment.

"Ah, yes, we know that from your ballads," he said.

The conversation was ended by the padrone's coming up with our bill. The café was already deserted, the voices gone, and most of the piazza lights were out. The Englishman paid, waiving us brusquely aside; and he and the painter rose to go.

The padrone made him a bow. The Signor was from Byron's country, he said in Italian. Byron was a great poet, they had named a piazza for him in Ravenna. He wished the signori good-night and golden dreams.

I let the two men set off and stayed on there long after the doors of the café were shut; and only now and then, passersby crossed the piazza; and now and then the footsteps of the watchman came from a far corner. I smiled a little to think of the irony of how we had all sat there together; how none of us had mentioned a word of it, and yet the beauty and reality of the



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time and place had laid its finger, nevertheless, on the invisible sources of our talk and the shy accents of our vehemence.

The stars looked closer now and more golden in the deep blue of the air. Against the blue and the stars rose the figure of St. Mark's lion on the column nearby and the pointed Venetian battlements along the palace walls. A soft night breeze had set in from the Adriatic and stirred the oleander branches. The strange, bitter fragrance of the blossoms spread abroad, and the stirred leaves made a little clicking sound. Otherwise there was no sound anywhere. Ravenna was as silent as night on water.

Then from the next piazza, over by Dante's tomb and Byron's palace, a guitar struck up and a man began to sing. It was a wild, metallic voice, and all the brighter for the stillness and the stone streets on which it fell. I could hear the strumming of the guitar, the voice singing, and the stir of branches near me. I could see the pale curves of the arcades, and the rose-color glowing on the walls in the dim light of the few street-lamps below, and darkening into mere shadow higher up against the deep sky. And close at hand, almost overhead, I saw the shapes of the leaves, the most beautiful in the world. I thought of Byron and his life at Ravenna, the love, the revolution, the proud and lonely and ironical isolation, and of Dante. The night, the straight lines of the column with its lion's wings, the rumor of the sea in the soft wind, the memory of these great men, the music, and the quietness, seemed all one thing, seemed complete and perfect as one of the oleander leaves. And with them, after a fashion, went also the slight little Frenchman with his clear, wise phrase.

STARK YOUNG.

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# "QUICK AS GOD WILL LET YOU!"

BY KATHERINE MAYO

Of all the counties of Pennsylvania none is more beautiful than Wyoming. But the aspects of that radiant State are manifold in loveliness. While Lancaster spreads broad, teeming fields wide-breasted to the sun, while Butler's staccato ridges crowd like storm-waves on the sky, Wyoming rolls slowly on in great, grave, sombre valleys—valleys bulwarked by titantic shoulders, stooped and heavy, infinitely lonely, infinitely solemn, against an unknown world.

For Wyoming is sparsely tenanted as to human kind. Wyoming is "poor." Its towns are few and very small. Uncultivated brush covers its greater part. Yet, here and there again, at remote intervals, brush gives place to island-like old farms. And among the farmer people persists certain old foundation stock, firm and right and wholesome, despite its separation from mankind.

The story now to follow is absolutely true. But the names of the family concerned, like that of their actual abode, are changed, because of young lives coming up, across whose path should lie no cloud.

The village, then, shall be called Surrey—although only as a manner of speaking can it be called "village" at all. For it consists of four buildings—a little white General Store, its dependent feed-room, the blacksmith's house, and the smithy. These four stand at the corners of a rough cross-road, whose vistas close in woods.

Down below, on the slope of the valley, half hidden by a few ancient appletrees, clings one little old farmhouse, sound and weathertight still, yet nevertheless in some mysterious way breathing out the fact that it has sunken upon grey days. A cluster of slant and mossy gravestones flanks it upon one side. For the rest, its sole companions are the everlasting hills, sweep-

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ing up and up, bare, solemn, even, bastion-like, to meet the solemn sky.

In this lonely house lived, twelve years ago, a family here called Burnham—the father, the mother, and their only daughter, June. Solid farmer kind, they hugged, contented, the acres from which generations of their forebears had drawn a decent livelihood. And the land and their labor gave them, still, enough for all their needs. Simple, honorable, self-respecting, rugged, hard-working, independent, kindly, Burnham and his wife asked of the world nothing more than it gave them. And the joy and pride of their lives, the core of their hearts, was June—then a fine, comely, pleasant girl in the early twenties.

June, beaming with sturdy health and cheeriness, pink-cheeked, broad-shouldered, bright-eyed, yellow-haired, good all through, had a suitor or two or three, drawn like bees by hidden sweetness. Of these, the one who pleased her best was Joe Lasalle. Now, Joe Lasalle, a tall, keen-faced, darkly handsome type, had no roots in the ken of Wyoming—no roots anywhere that anyone knew, but had recently dropped out of space when his mother, a stranger also, came to occupy a farmhouse high in the hills.

That farmhouse, as the crow flies three miles or so from Surrey, abides in a loneliness like the loneliness of the sea. And the woman who sought it was said by the few who saw her to wear a harsh, fierce, forbidding face that killed any word of friendship.

Yet Joe, when he appeared, had a way with him. And he took that way down into the valley. And it led straight into June Burnham's big, brave, honest heart.

But Burnham and his wife, simple, unworldly folk, could not warm to Joe Lasalle—and the sight of his progress with June filled them with dread.

He was the son of an outlandish woman—strayed, it was said, from some distant lumber-camp,—obviously not of their blood and tradition—a woman of a past unknown, yet whose history, seemingly, stood written on her face in a language as ugly as it was strange. Who and what was his father? As for himself, they did not, could not like him. Something alien, something disquieting, nameless, blocked the way. They spoke to each other of it, yet rarely, with restraint, because each of them loved their

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daughter more than life itself. And if she should fix her heart, then they would hold with her, in all the wisdom that they could achieve.

So June Burnham married Joe Lasalle. And the pair went to live as lessees on a farm some miles apart—Joe to work the land. What else should he do?

But Joe developed no fancy for farming. And any fox has a keener sense of marital duty. So that before their first child was a year old, Burnham saw that June and her baby would be hungry and cold if he did not take them home.

"Mother," he said, on the night when the thing became clear to him, "I am going to ask June and Joe to come back."

"George Burnham, are you crazy?" cried the mother. "You know how I want our girl and her baby back—back where we can do for her. But Joe Lasalle—why should *he* darken this house?"

"Is it for us, or for June, that we'd be doing it?" asked the old man. "Is it good for a wife to leave her husband, or for children to be strangers to their father? Our people have never done such things—neither yours nor mine. Perhaps Joe will improve. Anyway, it is June and the baby we must think of. Yes, yes, mother—there—there! Never mind, never mind, I knew you would come around."

So June returned. And Burnham cared for her needs, and for those of her children as they came. But Joe, while he hung about the old place off and on, living there in the main, making use of it as suited his convenience, gave little help in the work of the farm and contributed nothing to his growing family's maintenance.

Meantime, the whole thing increasingly bored him. So that when someone, strangely inspired, offered him a job with a telephone line, carrying pay of one hundred dollars a month with expenses, and involving fairly constant travel about the State, he jumped for the widened horizon; and, so jumping, finally ditched all domesticity.

After that came our entrance into the World War—came the draft. And Joe Lasalle, drafted, stood up in his six feet of young good looks and claimed exemption from his country's service. Grounds: Family duties, and the "fifty dollars a month it costs him to keep the children." Exemption granted.

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Later, old Burnham died. Then it became definitely necessary for June to take the step she hated—to ask the Court to compel her husband to help her buy the children's food.

Fifty dollars a month, the Court awarded, fixing the figure by the record of the exemption plea.

In the interval Joe had discovered, at a barn dance adorning his path, a very handsome young girl—call her Nora. From that time he cut off all communication with his wife. And Nora became the companion of his travels. Nora wore pretty clothes, which he bought for her. Nora and he disported together gaily and comfortably, under the "and expenses" clause—gaily, and comfortably,—until at last the Telephone Company woke up. Which let Joe drop, with a thud, to a poor little twenty-five dollars a week job in a Wilkes-Barre garage—twenty-five a week and no extras. Now, twenty-five dollars a week and no extras will scarcely stretch to a man's own keep and comfort, a Nora, *and* fifty dollars a month for anybody. Of these three ideas, therefore, one, clearly, must go. In the choice, no Joe could hesitate.

So came October, 1919; June Lasalle and her old widowed mother alone in the lonely hills; the four children, of whom the youngest was then nine months old, their common care; the Court's award of fifty dollars a month, haltingly paid though it was, a desperately important item in the household. On the other hand, Joe Lasalle, down below in Wilkes-Barre, weak, vain, wild, undisciplined, chafing himself mad in the break between desire and means, rapidly developing an obsession of hatred against the woman who seemed to stand in his road to happiness.

Not since finding Nora had Joe visited his wife. Yet, from time to time, a curious gnawing compulsion had driven him to seek her out—just to see—just to see how she moved from hour to hour, to see who came about the place—to see if her habits had changed in any way—to see what *could* be safely done—if a man—made up—his mind—*if*—

Sometimes the two women heard him, felt him, without knowing what they heard or felt. Some sound of moving, by night—some sort of thickening of the darkness at the door. Once he crept into the cellar to listen, and the grit of his foot as it slipped

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upon the stair, and the hiss of the one heavy breath that he drew almost betrayed him.

"Mother!" he heard a whisper—"Someone is in the cellar—right there!"

"I heard it. I'm going down to look"—the pushing back of a chair—a step.

"Mother, *Mother!*" This time aloud. "Not for a thousand dollars! You *shan't* go!" And he knew as he stole away that June had flung herself upon the older woman and was holding her fast.

Again and again shapeless alarms—blind awarenesses of evil at hand—sped from his obsessing thought—from his lurking, unseen presence, into the two women's minds.

Rarely did so much as the creak of a board or the snap of a twig underfoot follow his tread, for Joe, hunter by instinct and practice, a crack shot and trailer of game, could move like a snake in silence.

Yet again and again did Jack, the old Newfoundland dog who had loved June singly since she was a little maiden and he a ball of fluff—again and again did old Jack rise uneasily, with a growl in his throat. And again and again did June, in an access half terror, half desperate revolt, fling open the door, expecting to see upon the threshold she scarcely knew what shape of menace. But only the night—the huge, blank, empty night—would meet her staring eyes.

Then came a midnight when, lying with her baby in her arm, she awakened as at a clutch upon her heart, and, in the tense still instant that followed, knew with a knowledge apart from conscious sense that an enemy stood close at hand.

Who? What did he want? *What?*

The dog came and nudged her with his cold nose—laid a heavy paw upon her,—whining.

Drawing her arm from under the sleeping child, she crept out to the kitchen and took Joe's old shotgun from its place in the corner. Loaded it. Sat, facing the door, with the gun across her knees, waiting, until dawn—until broad light.

After that Mrs. Burnham fell sick with a heavy cold—a sort of grippe—that tied her for days to her bed. And it was while she

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lay yet ill that a little stir arose, one night, among the cattle in the barn. Both women heard it,—listened with trained, appraising ears. Then, without a word, June arose, took her lantern and went out, followed close by Jack, hackles up, teeth gleaming.

The sick woman caught her own black fear in her two hands and throttled it till the other's increasing foot-fall and the reclosing of the kitchen door announced her safe return.

June came and stood by her mother's bed. "I thought it might be that the calf had got loose. But it wasn't—Mother, are you afraid to stay alone while I take my baby and go over after Arthur?"

Now Arthur Burnham, June's elder brother, not to protect the women but in pursuit of his own affairs, had come to live in a cottage five minutes distant by a short-cut through field and woods.

"You are a crazy girl," answered the old woman from her pillow. "But go if you must. It's as bad to stay as to go, or to go as to stay."

Arthur returned with his sister, to spend an hour laughing at their fears.

"Mother, you're nervous," he argued. "Who'd want to bother you poor harmless folks, now, say!"

"Arthur Burnham,"—and the firm, fine old face on the pillow gave double force to the spoken word—"Arthur Burnham, your mother is no coward and no fool. I tell you again as I've told you before: Evil hangs over this place and your sister and her children and me. And it comes nearer—*nearer*. Now I ask you, as I've asked you before: Will you speak to the State Police? What are they for, if not to protect lonely women and children? I've heard it's what they never refuse to do. But how can they know we need them if they are not told?

But Arthur laughed again, indulgently. "You and June have got yourself all fussed up. There ain't nobody wants to bother you. I'll come over some night and sleep here myself just to show you it's only your nerves."

He knew that a barracks of State Police lay over the hill somewhere—not very far away. But he knew that fact as most of us

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know those things that lie outside our daily round—vaguely and without application to our own concerns.

So he laughed. And the cloud swung low.

One afternoon June sat by her mother's bed, her big work-basket on her knees, patching the children's clothes. George, the eldest, an eager, active, handsome boy, and little June and Jenny, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, happy reproductions of their mother, went through garments like mice through standing grass. Even baby Edith, fourth wearer of the things that covered her, managed only too often to kick a hole in a skirt or to put her chubby elbow through a sleeve. And June took great pride and infinite pains in the neatness of her children.

For some time she had worked in silence, while the invalid silently watched her, dull of heart. Then she spoke—words, simply uttered without particularity or shaken calm:

"Mother," she said, "something tells me that I ought to go up to the hill cemetery and buy me a lot."

"What?" gasped the mother, stricken cold. "What do you want of that, girl? Haven't we got our lot, right here?"

"I have a feeling—I want to be up out of this—when the time comes—up high in the sun—and to bury my children beside me. Something tells me to go get the place now."

Nothing of wailing, nothing of terror in the speech. Only level, established thought.

The old woman snatched the sheet across her mouth. Not a sign of panic had she given yet. Not the tribute of one quivering muscle would she render, to man or ghost. June came of staunch stock. Never in her mother soul should she find a weight to carry—a fanner of fear.

Next evening—that was Tuesday, October 7th—the old dog Jack refused his supper. On the following morning, as they opened the house door, he slunk away into the brush. Toward night Arthur appeared.

"I have bad news for you, June," he said. "Old Jack's dead. I found him over in the North woods."

June, white to her white lips, threw back her bonny head and looked him straight between the eyes. After a long moment she spoke, slowly, stilly:

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"He can kill me, maybe. But he can't scare me. Some day tell him that."

"Good Lord, sis, what are you thinking of! Who? What?"

"I think," the mother answered, "what I've said before—that you ought to speak to the State Police—to ask them to come. O, Arthur, you *should*. You should do it *now*."

But Arthur laughed again: "A pretty story I'd have to tell them! One old dog dead, and two women seein' things that ain't there to see. Do you want me to look like a fool, mother? You'd ought to have more sense."

Next day, toward noon, the mother made strength to get up. She was seventy-three years old, and the grippe had dealt her no light blow. But in the back of her soul loomed that which drove her, as the launching of the final attack drives broken men to the guns.

"Who poisoned our Jack?" she kept asking herself,—"Whose way was our Jack in—and why?"

But never a word of it passed her lips, and the trembling of her knees came from physical weakness, rather than from panic within.

A heavy rain had set in the night before. All day it poured down. June, going to and from house to barn, caring for the cattle, doing chores in doors and out, passed before her mother's eyes a rain-drenched, mud-clogged figure of honesty and brave love. Everything about the house—the kitchen floor scrubbed spotless silver-white, the shining pans, the clean, bright stoves, the invisible window-panes, the decent furniture, carefully kept—showed self-respecting industry. The elder children, well-mannered, obedient, affectionate, happy, did faithfully their little usual parts in the day's round. All this the old woman seemed to be seeing with a curious, sudden clearness as if for a permanent end. After supper, weariness overcame her. She crept back to her room, lay down upon her bed and fell asleep.

It was ten o'clock when she wakened—wakened with a horrible lurch. A clutch at her shoulder. June knelt beside her.

"Mother!" she breathed. "Oh! Mother—don't you hear? There's a man outside—a man stealing around the house—*Mother!*"

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The wail in that last word will ring in the mother's ears as long as she walks this earth. Nothing new lay in the alarm itself. Not once but many a time, in the last month, had each of them known in her inner mind that some human presence lurked about, unseen. But never before had June permitted one tremor to echo the fact. Now her voice choked and her hand struck icy cold. She, so strong, so undaunted, seemed suddenly like a frightened child—clung, like a little frightened child, to her mother's knees and shook with fear.

"Mama's coming, my pretty—Mama's coming, my own, my chick," the old woman whispered—words scarcely used since she herself was young and June a baby in her arms.

And it was she that led the way back into the kitchen—she, for the moment that walked the steadier of the two—all her love and instinct of protection transfused into strength.

They went and sat by the table, according to their wont, the mother in her low chair, June facing her, the evening lamp between. Still, hardly breathing, they listened up and down the planes of sound. But nothing did they hear, save the occasional stir of a coal in the stove, and the heavy rush of the rain. Presently June rose.

"I'm going to get my baby," she said, "somehow I seem to want her near."

So she brought the little, velvety, sleeping thing, laid it in its carriage and drew it close by her side. As she moved back into her seat, she had glanced at the window behind her, glanced—again.

"I wish we could put shutters there. Let's do it just as soon as we can get a man."

"Shutters on the windows of this room? All right, daughter."

"This room?—All the windows?—No, I don't know. But—I can't tell why—I do want shutters to *that* window *there*—I wish they were on tonight."

Then the other began hurriedly to talk—gentle, broken, rambling talk of June's own childhood, of her dead father's joy in her, his pride in his bonny, hardy, laughing little playmate. Of his terror, big, solid man though he was, once when she had the croup—once again when she strayed into the woods and for an hour or two was lost. Beginning with an effort, forcing the

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words, the speaker finally drifted with the current of her own spell—almost slipped away into the sunlit past.

June listened—or seemed to listen—silently, while the kind old voice trailed on, borne on the hum of the rain.

Motionless she sat, one elbow on the table, her chin on her hand, staring down upon her baby's face. "Dear Dad!" she whispered once or twice, and once or twice a tear stood on her cheek.

It grew late, for farmer folk—beyond reason late.

Unheeded, the clock on the mantel touched eleven.

And with that, It came.

. . .

Two minutes after, perhaps, little George stood in the stairway, saucer-eyed.

"What's happened?—Mother!—What was it?" he cried. "Did the house explode?"

But it was the grandmother's voice that answered, from somewhere across the room, out of his sight.

"Go back and put your pants on. Get sister June and run over to Uncle Arthur's. Tell him I want him here."

For once, the boy stopped to ask no questions but flew to obey, stumbling and scrambling on the stairs. And when the two children, hand in hand, came piping in the darkness under their uncle's window, they could tell him nothing except that an awful noise had scared them and that granny wanted him at home.

Nevertheless, and for all his old, easy skepticism, Arthur walked fast—ran—between the stubble corn-rows—through the woods.

"Where are you? What is it?" he panted as he flung open the door into the lighted room.

Then he looked straight into his mother's steady eyes.

She was on the floor, over by the table, kneeling. In her arms lay June, her head cradled in the nook of her mother's neck. On the fair planks, blood. Blood on the mother's hands, and on her thin white hair.

"What is it!" he cried again, babbling.

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"Arthur Burnham, never you mind what it is. *As quick as God will let you, you call the State Police!*"

. . .

On the tenth day of October, 1919, Captain Wilson Price got his transfer from the command of "A" Troop, in the south-western end of the State, to the command of "B" Troop, in the far north-east, at Wyoming, out of Wilkes-Barre. Reaching barracks late that evening, after a tough day's work and travel, he had just turned in and fallen asleep when Corporal Ammon shot up the stairs, three steps at a jump.

"A murder, Sir, at Surrey."

Now there are certain things that no Pennsylvania State Police Captain, breath remaining in his body, leaves to any subordinate. While the Corporal's voice yet echoed in the hall, the Captain's springy toes kicked back the bottom stair, and the Captain's hand grasped the telephone. It was then exactly 11.45 o'clock.

"Who's calling?" asked Price.

"Arthur Burnham. My sister's been shot. Over by Surrey."

"Who did it?"

"I don't know."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"I don't suspect anybody.—Well—her husband hasn't been too good to her, maybe. But he ain't around here any more. He . . . "

Already the Captain had called for a road map—for a trooper who knew the roads—for time tables. Even as he questioned and listened, he was tracing routes—all routes, out from Surrey.

A fugitive, he decided at a glance, would probably make for Wilkes-Barre or for some station on one of the railroads. The first train at any available point would be due, he saw, at three o'clock in the morning—three hours and a quarter off. His first cars he therefore sped to cover every exit on those lines, with orders to drop one man at each intersection of road or by-way, to stop every automobile, tram-car or vehicle of any kind that might pass, and to search for any suspicious person, for any person answering to the description of Joe Lasalle or for any person bearing fire-arms.

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The cars flew as he spoke, while the Captain, still at the telephone, called his substations, ordering action; called up the police of surrounding towns, requesting coöperation. Then, accompanied by Corporal Ammon with Private Hintze and Dorn, he started, himself, for Surrey.

That little old car had already seen much wild service. Its joints had been racked and its sinews strained in many a chase where life and death hung in the balance. But never in its prime had it done better work than it was to do that night.

Something over eleven miles, it is, from "B" Troop barracks to the old farmhouse at Surrey. Just over eleven miles. And in exactly thirty minutes, as was later proved on the witness stand,—in exactly thirty minutes from that tick of the clock at which Arthur Burnham got "B" Troop on the telephone, the Captain of "B" Troop stood in the farm-house door.

They had lifted June, by then, and laid her on her bed. Price and his troopers found her there, lying straight and still, her work-worn hands on her breast. They noticed—noticing everything—the neatness and cleanness of the room, of her dress, the tidiness of her hair, the honor in her face, the white, smooth goodliness of the bed—her beautiful dignity in death.

In the kitchen the mother sat—a certain magnificence about her—a certain classic grandeur—like an old tribal queen in defeat. She had done absolutely everything that she should have done. Her mind, all untaught in such particulars, had risen triumphant and made clear the way. She had disturbed nothing. The chair on which June had sat, the curtain at the window, the lamp, the position of the doors, even the black pool on the floor, she had been scrupulous to guard untouched. She had gone to the desk and hunted out a picture of Joe Lasalle. Now she sat waiting, with June's baby on her breast, June's children at her knees, hushing their frightened sobbing, her own head up, her own eyes dry and challenging, her mouth firm. Price, looking at her there, felt sheer respect.

As to the deed, in five minutes he knew all that he needed to know, as far as that scene could tell it!—June's wound was three inches behind and a little below the left ear. It was two inches in diameter and three to four inches deep. She had received a

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full charge of number-six shot from a shotgun. The shoulder of her dress was smirched with powder, and riddled with holes. Pellets of shot showed in the panels of a door across the room. The globe of the lamp was smashed. One pane of the window before which she had sat was shattered, and a hole blown through the Holland shade. Under that window, outside, lay a horizontal cellar door. On one batten of the door stuck a bit of fresh mud.

Price, standing on the cellar door, found that, peering close through the cracks in the worn Holland shade, he could distinguish objects in the room. He ordered one of his men to sit in June's chair as June had sat, elbow on table, chin in left hand. Then, with his own foot close by the mud-spot, he sighted a broomstick through the hole in the pane at his trooper's head. The sight-line struck the opposite door above the shot-marks there.

Price is a small man—a small package of high potency. He gave the stick into the second trooper's hand. Sighted, the line struck the pellets in the door fairly. That trooper was five feet eleven inches tall. So, it happened, was Joe Lasalle.

Satisfied with his investigation of the premises, leaving Private Hintze to comfort the little household, but taking Ammon and Dorn with him, the Captain now sped off, as he had come, to snap the next link to the chain, as he guessed it. Three miles or so away, up and up, high, and higher in the hills, he lighted at last upon a tiny farmhouse abiding in loneliness like the loneliness of the sea—the house of Joe Lasalle's mother.

In a moment the three men had control of the place—of all its egresses. And while Price pursued that shrewd interrogation of the inmates that was later to clinch the case, it was Private Dorn who made the first material discovery,—a twelve-guage shotgun, freshly cleaned, hidden in a cupboard; and beside it the oily rag that had cleaned it.

"Captain . . . " Dorn called—and at that the telephone rang.

"Answer that telephone," Price commanded the man of the household, "and be careful what you say."

"Hello"—he obeyed.

On the word, Price pushed him aside, taking the instrument from his hand.

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"Is Captain Price there?" came a voice that he recognized. "Private Brennan speaking. From the Dallas-Luzerne road at Shaverton. *I have Joe Lasalle.*"

This was twenty minutes after one.

By the first light of dawn they reconstructed his trail. Independent of his statements as of his denial, they followed his hesitating movements about the house, from the time when his baleful, unseen presence had driven the wife in terror to her sick mother's bed, to the moment when, braced on the cellar door, he had fired his one shot, and then, suddenly afraid, without a glance to make sure of the deed, had turned and run. They found the rail on the old fence, opposite, under the appletree, where he had splintered a rotten board, hastily climbing to reach the short cut through the swamp, to his mother's house. On the swamp's farther edge, they found the rock that his fleeing foot had scraped—the little white chalky line and the tear in the moss. From the inmates of his mother's home, from what they had said or left unsaid—from their explanations or failure to explain, they reconstructed what had passed in that place in Joe Lasalle's brief tarrying both before and after the crime. And so they traced him till he had landed, shuddering lies in useless showers, into the arms of Privates Brennan and Gingrich, waiting at Shaverton on the Dallas-Luzerne road.

Meantime, they had found the girl, Nora, whose image had buzzed in Joe's handsome, empty head until the getting rid of his wife became a sort of obsession to him. They had found her quickly, before any alarm could reach her, had brought her in all unprepared, and, in spite of her jaunty, foolish defiance, had got from her all that she knew.

And so on, through each grim, sordid, consequent detail, with speed and with scientific precision, until the case of the State, complete and invulnerable, clicked shut.

That case, of course, was challenged in the Court. The strange woman sold her home and all that she had, to hire lawyers for her son's defense. And these, again, brought every sort of wild, useless counter-accusation against the State Police. With the sole result that they, the lawyers themselves, having gone beyond

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bounds, were disciplined by the Court, while their client paid for his crime the extreme penalty.

Now the thing to observe is this: Joe Lasalle, from the moment in which he fired his shot, was a doomed man. He had not the shadow of a chance to make a get-away.

Brennan and Gingrich, it happened, nipped him at Shaverton on the Dallas-Luzerne road. But if he had chosen any other road or by-path, or if he had cut across to any trolley or train, or if he had hidden, biding his time, nevertheless and with exactly the same certainty would he have fallen into the grip of the officers of the State Police. Within one hour from the moment when he fired his shot, the iron ring encompassed him without one break.

Had the crime been reported less promptly the arrest might have been proportionately delayed. But the web of the Force covers every inch of the State, and its arm reaches over the Nation.

Again, brought to trial, he had not the shadow of a chance. For Price and his men, trained in every turn and trick of the laws of evidence, had missed not one nicety in foreseeing and preparing the case of the State. No choice of verdict was possible.

. . .

To-day, in the lonely farmhouse in the hills, the only home she has ever known since she came to it a bride, a wonderful woman faces the future alone. She is seventy-four years old. Grief and horror have used her hard. Her strength of body ebbs daily, and as it slips and slips fast and faster through her desperate clutch, grows an icy fear of that nearing dawn when she can work no more—when by no human effort can she force herself up—drag herself from her bed. *Then* who will mother June's babies?

"They would not listen when I told them. If they had listened —if they had called the State Police, *my June would have been alive tonight*—alive and *here*—with her babies."

KATHERINE MAYO.



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# SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

## GEORGE MOORE

### I

I WAS in Dublin on the day when the news of the Battle of Jutland was announced in such abrupt terms that most people imagined the British Fleet had been irretrievably defeated. The affairs of the Abbey Theatre, of which I was then in control, had been brought to a pause because of the military regulations imposed upon the city after the Easter Rising, and Mr. Moore, new from London, asked me to employ some of my leisure in making a reconciliation between Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats on the one hand and himself on the other. I foolishly consented to see what could be done, chiefly because of the innocent wonder which I detected in Mr. Moore at the fact that anyone could possibly take offense at anything he might say, however revelatory of private affairs it might be; and I spent some time in the pursuit of peace. Lady Gregory declared that she had no feeling against Mr. Moore because of what he had said about her in his trilogy, *Hail and Farewell*, but that she could never forgive the insults it contained to Mr. Yeats. Mr. Yeats, endeavoring to think deeply about the Rising, declared that he had forgotten, if indeed he had ever remembered, the insults to himself in the trilogy, but that he could not pardon those offered to Lady Gregory. Moore had broken bread in her house, and then had gone away and made fun of her! Worse than that, he had belittled her work. He had said that her plays were not great plays and that her "Kiltartan" dialect was not the dialect of the people of Ireland, but a tortured, unrhythmic invention of her own! . . . I proposed to them that they should pool their pardons and receive him into the fold again, but my proposal

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was not accepted, and so I set off from Lady Gregory's lodgings in Dublin to tell Mr. Moore, staying in the Shelbourne Hotel, of the failure of my mission. On the way, I encountered newspaper boys, carrying placards on which was printed the news of the Battle of Jutland. When I got to the hotel and was shown into Mr. Moore's private sitting-room, I found assembled there, Mr. Moore, white with anger and dismay, "A. E." (George W. Russell) "John Eglinton" (William Magee) and the late W. F. Bailey, a Land Commissioner, a Privy Councillor and a Trustee of the Abbey Theatre, who had the most extensive acquaintance of any man I have ever known. Mr. Moore was seated in the middle of the room, looking very like a portrait of himself, facing his friends, who were huddled together on a sofa in the shadow as if they were three misbehaving schoolboys receiving a severe rebuke from their master. I could not tell Mr. Moore at that moment of the result of my mission, and in the excitement of the subsequent argument I forgot to do so, but I doubt whether he was then in a mood to care whether he was forgiven or not.

## II

It is nearly five years since that day when I heard Mr. Moore haranguing Mr. Russell and Mr. Magee and Mr. Bailey on the Battle of Jutland, but my recollection of the occasion is very vivid, partly because I have a good memory for things which interest me (and none at all for things in which I am not interested) but chiefly because it seemed to me that on that day Mr. Moore definitely became an old man. His age is not stated in the books of reference, for Mr. Moore is as reticent as an actress on this point, but he is older than Mr. Shaw, who is much older than Mr. Yeats or "A. E." It may seem singular that he, so destitute of reserve in other and more intimate matters, should be secretive on this, but I fancy that his failure to publish the number of his years is due less to vanity than to inability to believe that he is as old as they denote. Judged by the rules of arithmetic his age is—so much; but judged by his feelings, it is —much less. Facts are stubborn things, so we are told, demanding acceptance and unquestioned admission, but Mr. Moore

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declines to accept the fact of time: he ignores it. But on the day on which the news of the Battle of Jutland was made public, the fact of time ceased to be ignorable, and Mr. Moore, for the first moment in his life, yielded to his years. He looked old and he talked as old men talk. There was a note of panic in his voice, of frightened urgency, and he complained bitterly of those who saw importance in a mean brawl in Dublin, but remained indifferent to an event which might result in the destruction of a desirable civilization. I doubt whether anything in the world had ever until that day been serious to Mr. Moore in the sense that loss and suffering and great grief are serious. I am certain that he never understood why people were angry with him because of *Hail and Farewell.* The resentment manifested against him by Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats was to him incomprehensibly petty: the deeper resentment of other people, more grievously wounded by his revelations which they declared to be untrue, filled him with astonishment. The spectacle of life was so much of a spectacle to him that he could not conceive of it as anything else to others. He had made himself so completely, not a participant in affairs, but an observer of them, that he had lost the faculty of personal feeling. His interest in acts and motives was so intense that he could not understand anyone objecting to his prying into the more entertaining of their private relationships. Equally difficult was it for him to understand that they should deeply disrelish the idea of having their affairs, intimate and even secret, used as material for a book by Mr. Moore. Any human experience, particularly when narrated in Mr. Moore's exquisite literary style, is of value to mankind, and it must have seemed to him that there was something, not only absurd, but also disgraceful in the objection many people had to the publication of their private concerns. Had he not paid tribute to privacy by omitting names or inventing others than the proper ones? True, everyone knew who were the persons portrayed, but was that his fault? And since everyone knew already of the affairs, what possible harm could there be in his putting them into perfect and publishable prose? The objection raised by some persons that the incidents narrated by him as facts were pure inventions was frivolous! What was truth? Mr.

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Moore, like jesting Pilate, asked the question, but did not wait for a reply. The three volumes which make up *Hail and Farewell* are remarkable and have much value, but it is necessary to remember that Mr. Moore has not always been careful in them to distinguish between the historian and the novelist, between the recorder and the inventor. There are many dull passages in the trilogy, especially those in which he relates his experiences with his kinsman, Mr. Edward Martyn, a charge which Mr. Moore would not deny, but, on the contrary, proudly admit, for he insists that dullness is a prominent feature of all great books. It is only the newspapers and ephemeral books which are interesting from beginning to end, he asserts—a statement which implies that Mr. Moore has been happier in his newspapers than the generality of people. In this matter of privacies, Mr. Moore was, and still is, the most complete and consistent of communists. He believes very thoroughly in private property, but he has no belief in private feelings. One imagined him, in the days before the Battle of Jutland, asking in a puzzled fashion, "What do you mean when you say you *feel* things? What *is* feeling? Why should it ever be *private?*" "This lady is in love with that gentleman who is not her husband! How interesting! I shall write a book about their love for each other. They may object! But why? Her husband's feelings! . . . Now, isn't that absurd!" And so on. Miss Susan Mitchell, in a very entertaining, but not entirely sympathetic book, entitled *George Moore*, declares that he seceded from the Roman Catholic Church because he objected to the secrecy of the confessional. His sins, he considered, were so absorbingly interesting that they ought to be publicly confessed rather than confided to an undivulging priest. The flaw in Miss Mitchell's argument is her assumption that Mr. Moore had sins to confess rather than sins which he had invented! . . .

## III

But on this day when the news of the Battle of Jutland was announced, Mr. Moore seemed, for the first time in his life, to realize that men and women do feel and suffer and bear loss; and

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the discovery instantly aged him. The War which had so teasingly disturbed the amenities of Ebury Street became in a moment something more than an irritating scuffle in the dark—it became an immense disaster which might make amenities forever impossible. The solidities of life were in process of dissolution. Literary style amazingly mattered less than the power of the commonest guttersnipe to kill. Mr. Bernard Shaw, in the preface to *Heartbreak House*, exclaims, "Imagine exulting in the death of Beethoven because Bill Sykes dealt him his death blow!" in a rebuke administered to the people who rejoiced in the news of appalling death-rolls among Germans during the War. But on the field itself, Beethoven and Bill Sykes cease to be Beethoven and Bill Sykes and become, each, a very frightened man with a rifle and bayonet and a strong desire to live. In that dreadful encounter, Bill Sykes would not be thinking to himself, "Here comes Beethoven, a great master of music, by whom it will be an honor to be killed!" but " 'Ere comes a bloody 'Un who will kill me unless I kill 'im!" The perception of what was happening in Europe, of the horrible reduction of Beethovens to the level of Sykes, of Shakespeares to the level of Prussian drill-sergeants (for they had to come down to those levels if they were to have any hope of survival) made an old man of Mr. Moore. He threw up his hands and made submission to his years. I listened to him while he talked volubly and bitterly to "A. E." and "John Eglinton" and "Bill" Bailey, as people called him, and marvelled to find him displaying so much emotion over the naval disaster and its probable consequences. He had written a preface for his brother, Colonel Moore's life of their father, in which he had romantically stated that George Henry Moore, his father, had committed suicide because his heart was broken by the dishonorable behavior of politicians. Colonel Moore printed the preface, but denied the statement about his father and withdrew his friendship from George. But George still clings romantically to the belief that his father killed himself. An English newspaper, *The Observer*, in its issue for Sunday, April 10, 1921, prints the preface which Mr. Moore has written for a new book to be published some time during this year. (Probably, when this article is printed, the book will have been published.) In this preface,

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Mr. Moore very interestingly describes the way in which he was educated, and in the course of it occurs this paragraph:

> He was unhappy in the strife, for he loved his father; his father was always, and still is, the intimate and abiding reality of his life, and the evening that his father started for Ireland for the last time is quick among his memories. George's father returned from the front door to bid his son good-bye, and in obedience to a sudden impulse he took a sovereign out of his pocket and put it into the boy's hand, and went away to his death resolute, for he had come to see that his death was the only way to escape from his embarrassments, without injury to his family, and I can imagine him walking about the lake shores bidding them good-bye for ever.

I suppose that if George Henry Moore were to rise from the grave and deny that he had died by his own hand, his son and heir, George, would murmur aggrievedly, "You know, father, you are spoiling a very charming story! . . ." He is still sufficiently insensitive not to understand that life is something more than material for the story-teller's art—he may, perhaps, have relapsed from the state of understanding to which the Battle of Jutland brought him,—but for that time, at all events until the news of the Battle was amended, George Moore knew what private feelings were, even although he could not keep them to himself. "A. E.," looking woolly and worried, seemed to be completely deprived of his powers of speech by Mr. Moore's angry rhetoric. "John Eglinton," a scholarly essayist and the sanest man in Dublin, having much respect for, but no delusions about, the ancient Gaelic literature of which we hear so much and see so little, remained customarily mum. Mr. Bailey, nervously garrulous as a rule, uttered jerky, but inarticulate, sounds to which Mr. Moore paid absolutely no heed. I discreetly sat in a corner and did not make a sound. The words flowed steadily from Mr. Moore's lips—hot denunciation of the Rising, contemptuous references to Kuno Meyer, rebukes for "A. E." (discovered to have flaws) and a tremendous indictment of German culture, with a proviso in favor of German music, together with admiring references to France, to French literature and to the French Impressionists, particularly Manet. A waiter intruded into the room for some purpose and was ordered out again. . . .

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## IV

Of all that Mr. Moore said on that extraordinary occasion, I remember most his sudden outburst into what he called practical politics. He demanded the impeachment of Mr. Asquith, the restoration of the Coronation Oath and the abolition of all dogs! The comic incongruity of those three items in a plan to win the war was apparent neither to him nor to his three elderly auditors, or so it seemed, and I deemed it wise to control my laughter. Mr. Moore declared that Mr. Asquith's inertia, of which we were hearing so much then, was certain to bring defeat to the Allies.

As for dogs, these abominable animals, he said, are nuisances at any time, but during a war and period of food shortage, they are a positive menace to the country. He begged us to consider (a) the great quantity of food that was consumed by dogs, (b) the amount of nervous irritability brought about by their incessant yapping, and (c) the defilement of the streets caused by them. He threatened us with famine, insanity and, finally, plague. There is an English poet who is also a great breeder of bulldogs. Whenever he reads one of Mr. Moore's periodical denunciations, he becomes so enraged that only the strongest efforts of his friends prevent him from emptying the contents of his kennels on to Mr. Moore's doorstep that they may there do their worst. The ambition of his life is to see one of his bulldogs fasten its teeth firmly in the calf of Mr. Moore's venerable leg. . . .

## V

All that has been written here so far will seem to support the superstition that Mr. Moore is a trifler with life, that he is a man destitute of serious purpose; but I am anxious to make plain to my readers that this superstition is a superstition. His lack of reticence about his own and other people's affairs and his perverse incursions into what he imagines to be practical politics are obviously responsible for the belief that he is what is called "a typical Irishman," that is to say, a man without a sense of responsibility. My experience is that "typical Irishmen" are

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generally discovered to be Englishmen or Welshmen or New York East Side Jews—the late Padraic Pearse, Mr. Arthur Griffith and Mr. de Valera closely correspond to those descriptions—but it is undeniable that Mr. Moore, not without deliberation, has helped to maintain the legend that Irishmen are without a sense of responsibility. When, for example, during one of the many Home Rule crises, he suggested that the trouble between the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland might easily be settled by intelligent engineers, many persons were of the opinion that a man who could talk such twaddle, as they called it, in a time of much difficulty ought to be imprisoned. The proposal, when the details were disclosed, confirmed pessimists in their profound belief that the unsurmountable obstacle to the solution of Irish affairs is the Irish themselves! What Mr. Moore suggested was this: that a thick wall should be built across the North Channel between the Giant's Causeway and the Mull of Kintyre, and that another thick wall should be built across St. George's Channel between Carnsore Point and St. David's Head. These operations completed, the engineers should then pump out all the water in the Irish Sea, fill in the resultant gap with earth, and make one island out of two! He seemed not to have considered the case of Liverpool. What, someone jestingly demanded, would become of that great port when deprived of its "pool"? What also, he might have added, would become of Belfast and Dublin, deprived, the one of its Lough, and the other, of its Bay? Mr. Moore might have retorted that what Ireland lost on Belfast Lough it would more than gain on Galway Bay, but he preferred to remain silent. One could, of course, draw a conclusion, packed with thought and judgment, from Mr. Moore's playful proposal, and I do not doubt that such was his intention; but the average person is either too busy or disinclined to draw such conclusions from anything; and so, having glanced casually at the details of Mr. Moore's plan to settle the Irish Question, he turned impatiently away, convinced (a) that Mr. Moore was an incorrigible buffoon, and (b) that the government of Ireland must ever remain an unsolved problem because of the Irish people's amazing inability to conduct themselves reasonably!

But Mr. Moore has a serious purpose in life, and he pursues

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that serious purpose with indefatigable industry. The immediate and unmistakable fact about him is that he is an artist. There are few writers in English, not even excepting Mr. Conrad, who have so much power over words as is possessed by George Moore, and this power has been achieved, as all power is achieved, by incessant labor and the most pure devotion. He is, in the real sense, a self-made man. The artistry that is undeniably his has been wrought not only in the sweat of his brain, but in face of powerful obstacles. His position as the heir of a fairly well-to-do landowner in Ireland might have resulted in him becoming a minor poet, publishing tiny verses in tiny volumes, or a small author of fragile essays about butterflies and pierrots. He did, in fact, begin his writing career, as most reputable writers do, by composing poems, but he speedily turned to prose. He actually published verses in books entitled *Flowers of Passion*—a name which incongruously suggests Baudelaire and Ella Wheeler Wilcox—and *Pagan Poems*, but, so far as I have been able to discover, no one has ever seen these books or read the poems contained in them. The first was published in 1877 and the second in 1881 and we may conclude that they have been dissolved by the chemicals of time. Miss Mitchell, in the book to which reference has already been made, states that "nobody in Ireland has ever seen any of Mr. Moore's paintings except 'A. E.' to whom he once shyly showed a head, remarking that it had some 'quality.' 'A. E.' remained silent." The poems remain under the same kindly condemnation. The favorable fortune which might have made a minor poet, and nothing but a minor poet, out of Mr. Moore was one of the powerful obstacles to his becoming a master of prose.

The other was the attempt made by his father to influence his mind. In the preface to a forthcoming book, from which I have already made a brief quotation, he gives an account of his education at the Roman Catholic school of Oscott. George, it seemed, had a reticence in his childhood which he remarkably lost in maturity: he refused to confess his sins on the singular ground that he had not got any sins to confess. He had not then learned, seemingly, that he who has not got any sins to confess, can easily invent a few. The story of this episode is fully nar-

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rated in *Hail and Farewell*, but in the new preface Mr. Moore summarizes it and tells how his father was summoned to Oscott by the president of the school "to inquire into his son's lack of belief in priests and their sacraments." The upshot of the business was that the boy, "not only the last boy in his class, but in the last class in the school—in a word, the dunce of the school" was removed from Oscott for private instruction at home in Mayo. "George's case is really very alarming," the president wrote to his father, and the letter contained the admission that he did not know whether George could not or would not learn.

It is exceedingly illuminating to observe how his prose style has grown through a series of very diverse books into its present condition. One of his most remarkable novels, as it is also one of his earliest, *A Mummer's Wife*, was clearly written under the influence of Zola, but with such individual quality that Zola might profitably have taken lessons from his pupil. The difference between Emile Zola and George Moore is that while Zola never forgot to be a doctrinaire, Moore never forgot to be an artist. *A Mummer's Wife* was unaccountably banned by the circulating libraries in England, and, such is the conservatism of these remarkable institutions, that I believe the ban is still maintained, although a generation has arisen which regards such books as this as very restrained indeed. The style in which it is written is somewhat arid, and the reader is not carried forward by the flow of the story itself, but is forced along by its weight. A comparison between this novel, or *Esther Waters*, and such later books as *The Lake* or *The Brook Kerith* reveals such a difference in manner that the critic has some difficulty in believing that all four novels came from the mind of the same author. Mr. Wells is a writer with many manners, but the reader can discover a unifying characteristic, unmistakably Wellsian, in all of them. Mr. Shaw, a more consistent author than most men of his quality, has kept so closely to one level that the difference between his earliest, his best and his latest work is merely the difference of degree between growing powers, highest powers and declining powers. The style in the novels, *Love Among the Artists*, *The Unsocial Socialist*, *The Irrational Knot* and *Cashel Byron's Profession* is the same style, under less control, as the style of *Man*

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*and Superman, John Bull's Other Island* and *Heartbreak House.* But in Mr. Moore's case the style of *A Mummer's Wife* has no obvious relationship to that of *The Lake* or *The Brook Kerith.* The difference between the earlier books and the later ones is the difference between the flow of a river through a canal and the flow of a river through its natural bed.

## VI

*A Mummer's Wife* is a powerful story, told in a skillful and impressive fashion, but it leaves the reader less conscious of life than of mechanics. As a piece of construction it is a better novel than *The Brook Kerith,* but as a piece of literature it is not. The quality of life is dusty and arranged in the early book, but it is alert and vibrant and natural in the later one. One notable feature of *A Mummer's Wife* is the display of knowledge by Mr. Moore of things and of places with which one would not expect him to be familiar. His acquaintance with grooms and horse-racing, manifested in *Esther Waters,* is understandable in a man who was reared in a country-house where the language of the stable must have been familiar. But how did Mr. Moore obtain his intimacy with the interior of a small draper's and milliner's shop in one of the Five Towns in Staffordshire, together with his knowledge of the details of life lived by a touring theatrical company? Mr. Arnold Bennett's knowledge of the Five Towns and the interior of a small shop is explained by the fact that he was born in such circumstances in one of the Five Towns. Mr. Leonard Merrick's intimate knowledge of the life of a travelling theatrical company is explained by the fact that he was once an actor in such a company. But how did Mr. Moore, the son of a prosperous Irish landowner of aristocratic origin, acquire his close intimacy with the details of such life? It is this aspect of the book which reveals the existence in Mr. Moore of a high faculty which was absent from the mind of his first master, Zola, the faculty of imagination. Zola made his novels out of things actually witnessed or learned from books, but Moore made his novels out of his own imagination. Zola could only write about life in a small shop in a small town after he had actually lived in

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it, but Moore could write *A Mummer's Wife*, with no more knowledge of Hanley than a person passing through it might possess, yet has given his readers an impression of deep intimacy with it.

This book, notable in itself, had a notable result. It was read by a young writer, named Enoch Arnold Bennett, then engaged in journalism and the production of semi-sensational novels. Bennett was a native of "the Five Towns" district, born in a place called Shelton to the north-eas of the town of Hanley which is the scene of *A Mummer's Wife*. Mr. Bennett himself told me that until he read *A Mummer's Wife* he never thought of writing about "the Five Towns." The Staffordshire people had no literary significance to him until that significance was revealed by *A Mummer's Wife*. Mr. Bennett probably exaggerates the extent of his debt to Mr. Moore. He would, sooner or later, have explored the rich mine from which he produced the ore of *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger*—it is ludicrous to imagine that but for the happy accident of reading *A Mummer's Wife* he would never have done so—but it is not improbable that Mr. Moore's story brought him to his proper milieu earlier than he might otherwise have reached it. The reader can profitably entertain himself by comparing "the Five Towns," the places and the people, of *A Mummer's Wife* with "the Five Towns," places and people, of *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger*. The difference between Mr. Moore's account and Mr. Bennett's is the difference between careful and acute observation by an intelligent stranger, alien in birth and tradition and training, and the knowledge, inherited from his forefathers and acquired in childhood and youth, of a native. Mr. Moore had to "mug up" his subject, as schoolboys say, but Mr. Bennett was born with most of it. The description of Hanley in the first chapter of *The Old Wives' Tale* (where it is named Hanbridge by Mr. Bennett) contrasts remarkably with the description of the same town in *A Mummer's Wife*, as does the description of a pottery seen through Mr. Bennett's eyes in *Leonora* with that of a pottery seen through Mr. Moore's eyes in the fourth chapter of *A Mummer's Wife*. These differences of description are, of course, the result of a difference in temperament between the two men which is perhaps most clearly revealed in the way in which they portray old women in their

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books and deal with scenes of suffering. An intelligent reader of *A Mummer's Wife* and *The Old Wives' Tale*, having made allowance for the fact that the first-named was written by a young man beginning his career, and the second by a man approaching middle-age and the apex of his power, could draw up a fairly accurate statement of the character of each of the authors by comparing the figure of old Mrs. Ede in Mr. Moore's novel with that of old Mrs. Baines in Mr. Bennett's. The contrast between the scene of suffering pictured in the first chapter of *A Mummer's Wife* and that in the first chapter of *The Old Wives' Tale* would considerably assist him in making the statement. The painful insistence on the details of the asthma which afflicted Mr. Ede is in sharp opposition to the almost jocular fashion in which Mr. Povey's toothache is described. Both books end with the death of the principal figures. Kate Ede dies disquietly. One might say that Constance and Sophia Baines also die disquietly. But there is a difference in the disquiet. Constance and Sophia had had their share of disappointment and trouble and had lost their illusions, but at least they had had their fill of life, each as she desired it, and if there had been disappointment, also there had been satisfaction: the illusions were lost, but while they lasted they were agreeable. Kate died before she had had her fill of life, without illusions and, also, without agreeable memories. Youth insists that life is either very gay or very dismal—and *A Mummer's Wife* was written by a young man; but Maturity knows that the colors of life are mingled rather than uniform, and that even when the end is a dismal one, the journey to it has not been without its moments of fragrance and pleasure—and *The Old Wives' Tale* was written by a man in his maturity. The similarities between these two books are as interesting as their differences, and a close study of them leaves the reader at once aware of very dissimilar personalities and with enhanced respect for both of them.

## VII

It is when we come to such novels as *The Lake* and *The Brook Kerith* that we discover Mr. Moore at his greatest. Zola is forgotten and only the strength of Mr. Moore himself is now dis-

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played. *The Lake* is among the most beautiful stories of our time, a finely-conceived and finely-wrought book, more complete and unified than *The Brook Kerith*, which, in spite of much beauty and scholarship, is marred organically by a dispersal of the interest. The latter novel is in three sections, the first dealing with Joseph of Arimathea, the second with Jesus, and the third with Paul. Each of these sections by itself is well and even superbly done, although, in my judgment, the first of them is much the best of the three; but the interest which the reader has in any one of the three sections is not felt in the whole book because the three great figures are not grouped together. We begin with Joseph and then, at the point when we are absorbed in him, are hurried on to Jesus, undergoing a similar experience with Him when we are hurried off to Paul. The book is not a closely-knit drama in which the characters constantly act and re-act upon each other, but is more akin to three separate plays in which certain figures recur in greater or less positions. Mr. Moore, in short, was uncertain whether to make Joseph or Jesus or Paul the hero of his story, and he unwisely compromised by making each of them hero for a portion of it, with the result that each is of supreme importance for a third of the book and of subordinate importance for the remainder of it. *The Brook Kerith* is, nevertheless, a considerable achievement and is in itself sufficient to secure a high place in English letters for its author.

The legend is that Mr. Moore is a trifler with life, a man without purpose, immensely egotistical, having some of the simplicity of the buffoon. The truth is that he is an audacious, exceedingly adroit and utterly unthwartable artist who bends the visible world to his purpose of discovering and perfecting a desirable formula of words with which to express his vision of the invisible world. He has, indeed, a simplicity of character, but it is not the simplicity of the buffoon: it is the immense and dissolving simplicity of the man of genius.

St. John Ervine.

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# UNDRAMATIC CRITICISM

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

## I

As criticism has to find its material in the work of the creators it is not surprising that the masters of the craft have appeared during periods of abundant creation or shortly thereafter. Aristotle was not separated by many years from Sophocles and Euripides; Boileau was the most intimate friend of Molière; and Sainte Beuve was the contemporary of Hugo and Balzac (although he did not greatly care for either of them). Coleridge lived in an epoch of ample productivity; and so did Matthew Arnold. Lessing was stimulated by Voltaire and Diderot; and he prepared the way for Goethe and Schiller. And these are only a few of the critics who hold their own by the side of the creators.

But when the creative impulse relaxes, when there is no longer a succession of masterpieces demanding appreciation, then is it that the criticasters have their turn, the pigmies who promulgate edicts for those who are still striving to attain the twin summits of Parnassus. It was not in the rich abundance of Athens but in the thin sterility of Alexandria that the laws of poetry were codified with Draconian severity. It was not under Louis XIV but under Napoleon, when French literature was dying of inanition, that Nepomucène Lemercier declared the twenty-five rules which the writer of tragedy must obey and the twenty-two to which the writer of comedy must conform.

There was no living Latin drama when Horace penned his epistle on poetry, and the theatres of Rome were given over to unliterary spectacle. It is unlikely that Horace had ever had occasion to see a worthy play worthily acted. No doubt, he had read the works of the great Greeks; but that could not disclose to him the full emotional force of their dramas revealed only

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by actual performance. To judge a play by reading it, is like judging a painting by a photograph. The greater the drama the more completely does it put forth its power when it is made to live by the actor in the theatre and before the audience. As a result of Horace's lack of experience as a spectator what he has to say about the principles of playmaking has little validity. He is not exercising his own keen critical faculty, he is merely echoing the opinions of Alexandrian criticasters. His advice to aspiring dramatists was not practical; it was "academic" in the worst sense of the word. In fact, Horace was only going through the motions of giving advice, since there were no aspiring dramatists in Rome, as there were then no stages on which a play could be acted and no company of actors to perform it.

A comparison of the *Poetics* of Aristotle with the *Art of Poetry* of Horace is as amusing as it is profitable. Aristotle is the earliest and the shrewdest of dramatic critics. Horace had no intimacy with the theatre; he is sketching from a lay-figure in a studio, whereas Aristotle is drawing from the living model in the open air. When Aristotle discusses the effect of an episode upon an audience, we can be sure that he himself was once one of that audience, and that his memory had retained the intonations and the gestures of the actors as well as the unformulated response of the spectators to the emotional appeal of the plot. Aristotle is as insistent in taking the audience into account as Sarcey was; and his dramatic criticism is as technical as Sarcey's. Horace had never thrilled to a situation as it slowly unfolded itself in the theatre; and therefore what he has to say about the principles of playmaking is more or less beside the mark. It is hit or miss; it may be right or it may be wrong; it is supported by no understanding of dramaturgy; it is undramatic criticism.

The theories which Horace took over second-hand from the Alexandrian criticasters, the supersubtle Italians of the Renaissance took third-hand from him. They suffered, as Horace had suffered, from the lack of a living dramatic literature in their own tongue. In the pride of their new-found learning they looked with contempt upon the unliterary types of drama then popular, the Sacred Representations and the Comedy-of-Masks. They never suspected that in these artless exhibitions there were the



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germs out of which a noble dramatic literature might be evolved. They could not foresee that the Elizabethans would develop their tragedy from the English Mystery-Plays which were no cruder than the Italian Sacred Representations and that in *L'Etourdi* Molière would lift into literature the loose and lively Comedy-of-Masks. And because they refused to do what Shakespeare and Molière were to do, they left Italy barren of drama for centuries. The most of the dramatic poems which are catalogued in the histories of Italian literature were unacted and unactable, —although now and again one or another did achieve performance by amateurs before an audience of dilettants.

So it is that the host of theorists of the theatre in Renaissance Italy are undramatic critics, not because they lacked acuteness, but because they knew nothing of the actual theatre, the sole region where drama can live, move and have its being. Only infrequently does one of them,—Castelvetro, for example,—venture to give a thought to the audience for whose delight a drama ought to be prepared. As they had no acquaintance with any stage, except the sporadic platform of the strolling acrobat-comedians whom they despised, they had no concrete knowledge as a foundation for their abstract speculations. They were working in a vacuum. And it is small wonder that they complicated their concepts until they had elaborated the Classicist doctrines of the Three Unities and of the total separation of Comedy from Tragedy. The Classicist code was so hampering to the free expansion of the drama that Corneille cried out against its rigor, that Lope de Vega paid it lip-service but disregarded it unhesitatingly, and that Shakespeare never gave it a thought.

## II

Horace's mistake was in his adventuring himself beyond the boundaries of his knowledge; and the blunder of the Renaissance critics was caused by their scornful disregard of the contemporary types of drama in their own time, inartistic as these might be. But nowadays the theatre is flourishing and every man has frequent opportunity to see worthy plays worthily performed and to acquaint himself with the immediate effect of a worthy per-

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formance upon the spectators. No apology is acceptable for the undramatic criticism which we discover in not a few of the learned treatises which profess to expound and explain the masterpieces of the mighty dramatists who lived in Periclean Athens and in Elizabethan England. Some of the scholars who discuss Sophocles and Shakespeare deal with these expert playwrights as if their pieces had been composed not to be seen in swift action in the theatre but to be read at leisure in the library. In their eyes *Oedipus the King* and *King Lear* are only dramatic poems, and not poetic dramas. They study the printed page under the microscope; and they make no effort to recapture the sound of the spoken word or to visualize the illustrative action.

The undramatic critic of this type has no apprehension of the principles of playmaking as these are set forth by Aristotle and by Lessing, by Sarcey and by Brunetière. He has made no effort to keep abreast of the "state of the art" of dramatic criticism. He seems never to have considered the triple influence exerted on the form and on the content of a play by the theatre for which it was composed; by the actors for whom its characters were intended, or by the audience for whose pleasure it was written. It is only occasionally that we have proffered to us a book like the late Professor Goodell's illuminating analysis of *Athenian Tragedy*, in which we are agreeably surprised to find a Greek scholar elucidating the masterpieces of the Greek drama by the aid of Brunetière's *Law of the Drama* and Archer's *Playmaking*. Professor Goodell firmly grasped the fact that the art of the drama is unchanging, no matter how various its manifestations may be in different centuries and in different countries. And he was therefore able to cast light upon the plays of the past by his observation of the plays of the present.

Less satisfactory is the almost contemporary volume on *Greek Tragedy*, which covers the same ground. Although Professor Norwood has not found his profit in Brunetière or Archer, he makes a valiant effort to visualize actual performance in the Theatre of Dionysus more than twenty centuries ago. He deals with Greek plays as poetic dramas and not merely as dramatic poems. But he has fallen victim to the wiles of the late Professor Verrall, one of the most ingenious of undramatic critics; and in

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his discussion of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus he gives Verrall credit for having solved a series of difficulties. Professor Norwood even goes so far as to declare that "Verrall's theory should probably be accepted."

I doubt if a single one of the alleged difficulties even occurred to any of the spectators present at the first performance of the play. The action of *Agamemnon* is swift, irresistible, inevitable; and the audience was allowed no time for cavil. As the story unrolled itself in the theatre it was convincing; and if any doubt arose in the minds of any spectator as to anything that had occurred, it could arise only after he had left the theatre; and then it was too late. As a play, performed by actors in a theatre before an audience, *Agamemnon* triumphs. Only when it is considered in the study do we perceive any "difficulties." In fact, when it is so considered, one difficulty is likely to strike many readers; and it repays consideration.

The play begins with a long monologue from a watchman of the roof of Agamemnon's palace. The King is at the siege of Troy; and when the beleaguered city is taken a series of beacons on the intervening hills will be lighted, one after another, to convey the glad news. Suddenly the watchman sees the distant flame, the wireless message, that Troy has fallen and that the monarch is free to return home. In real life it would be two or three weeks before Agamemnon could arrive; yet in the play before it is half over the king comes in; he enters his palace where he is done to death by his guilty wife and her paramour Aegisthus. The exigencies of the two hours traffic of the stage often compel a playwright to telescope time; but no other dramatist has ever dared so violent a compression as this.

And this is how Verrall solves the difficulty "with lucidity, skill and brilliance," so Professor Norwood tells us. The story of the series of beacons is a lie concocted by the wife and her lover. There is only one beacon which Aegisthus lights when he discovers the landing of Agamemnon; it is to warn his accomplice that she may make ready to murder her husband. And as Agamemnon is actually on shore when this single beacon flames up, he is able to arrive in the middle of the play. If we accept this solution of the difficulty we are compelled to believe that

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Aeschylus wrote a play, instantly accepted as a masterpiece, which had to wait for more than two thousand years for a British scholar to explain away an impossibility. This explanation is undoubtedly lucid and skillful and brilliant; but none the less is it a specimen of undramatic criticism.

A dramatist never tells lies to his audience; and the audience always accepts the statements of his characters as true—unless he himself expressly shows that a given statement is false. The play has to be taken at its face value. The characters talk on purpose to convey all needful information to the spectators. Aeschylus may make the queen lie to the king, but when she does this the audience knows the truth or surmises it. The dramatist never hesitates to let his characters deceive one another; but if he knows his business he never deceives the spectators. In real life Agamemnon could not arrive for a fortnight after Troy had fallen; but the Athenian audience could not wait in their seats two weeks, so Aeschylus frankly brings on Agamemnon; and the spectators were glad to behold him, asking no inconvenient questions because they were eager to see what would happen to him. It might be a contradiction of the fact, but it was not a departure from the truth, since the king would assuredly come home sooner or later. Everyone familiar with Sarcey's discussion of the conventions of the drama is aware that the spectators in the theatre are never sticklers for fact; they are willing to accept a contradiction of fact, if that contradiction is for their own profit—as it was in this case.

## III

To say this is to say that Verrall, however lucid and skillful and brilliant, was a discoverer of mare's nests. And a host of undramatic critics have skillfully exercised their lucid brilliance in discovering mare's nests in Shakespeare's plays. Most of them are stolid Teutons, with Gervinus and Ulrici in the forefront of the procession. They analyzed the tragedies of Shakespeare with the sincere conviction that he was a philosopher with a system as elaborate as those of Kant and Hegel; and they did not seem to suspect that even if a dramatist is a philosopher he is—and

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must be—first of all a playwright, whose invention and construction are conditioned by the theatre for which he is working. The most that a dramatist can do is to make philosophy a by-product; his main object is to arouse and retain and reward the interest of his immediate audience.

He must make his story plain to the comprehension of the average playgoer; and he must therefore provide his characters with motives which are immediately apparent and instantly plausible. Shakespeare is ever anxious that his spectators shall not be misled; and he goes so far as to have his villains, Richard III and Iago, frankly inform the audience that they are villains, a confession which in real life neither of these astute scoundrels would ever have made to anybody. The playwright knows that if he loses his case before the jury, he can never move for a retrial; the verdict is without appeal. It may be doubted whether any dramatist has ever cared greatly for the opinion of posterity. Assuredly no popular playwright—and in their own day every great dramatist was a popular playwright—would have found any compensation for the failure of his play in the hope and expectation that two hundred or two thousand years later its difficulties might be explained by a Verrall, however lucid and skillful and brilliant this belated expounder might be.

There are two Shakesperian mare's nests which may be taken as typical. One was discovered in *Macbeth*, in the scene of Banquo's murder. Macbeth incites two men to make way with Banquo. When the deed is done, three murderers take part in it. Two of them are the pair we have seen taking instructions from Macbeth. Who is the third? An undramatic critic once suggested that this third murderer is no less a person than Macbeth himself, joining his hired assassins to make sure that they do the job in workmanlike fashion. The suggester supports his suggestion by an argument in eight points, none of which carries any weight, because we may be sure that if Shakespeare had meant Macbeth to appear in person, he would have taken care to let the audience know it. He would not have left it hidden to be uncovered two and a half centuries after his death by the skillful lucidity of a brilliant undramatic critic.

It is reasonably certain that Burbage, who acted Richard III

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and Hamlet, also acted Macbeth; and Shakespeare would never have sent this renowned performer on the stage to take part in a scene without justifying his share in it and without informing the spectators that their favorite was before them. Shakespeare was an actor himself; he knew what actors wanted and what they liked; he took good care of their interests; and we may rest assured that he never asked Burbage to disguise his identity. If he had meant the third murderer to be Macbeth, we should have had the stage direction, "Enter two murderers with Macbeth disguised." As it is, the stage direction reads "Enter three murderers."

The other mare's nest has been found in *King Lear*. It has often been pointed out that Cordelia is absent from a large portion of the action of the tragedy, although her presence might have aided its effectiveness. It has been noted also that Cordelia and the Fool are never seen on the stage together. And this has prompted the suggestion that the Fool is Cordelia in disguise. Here again we see the undramatic critic at his worst. If Shakespeare had meant this, he would have made it plain to the spectators the first time Cordelia appeared as the Fool,—otherwise her assumption of this part would have been purposeless, confusing, futile. Whatever poignancy there might be in the companioning of the mad king by his cast-off daughter all unknown to him, would be unfelt if her assumption of the Fool's livery was not at once recognized. The suggestion is not only unacceptable, it is unthinkable by anyone who has even an elementary perception of the wit of playmaking. It could have emanated only from an undramatic critic who was familiar with *King Lear* in the study and not on the stage, who regarded the sublimest of Shakespeare's tragedies as a dramatic poem and not as a poetic drama planned for the playhouse. Yet this inept suggestion can be utilized to explain the fact that Cordelia and the Fool never meet before the eyes of the spectators. The cast of characters in *King Lear* is very long; and quite possibly it called for more actors than there were in the company at the Globe. We know that in the Tudor theatre a performer was often called upon to sustain two parts. It is possible that the shaven lad who impersonated Cordelia was the only available actor for the Fool, and that therefore

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Cordelia—at whatever loss to the effectiveness of the play—could not appear in the scenes in which the Fool had to appear. Cordelia did not don the disguise of the Fool; but the same performer may have had to double two parts. That much of supposition can be ventured, for whatever it may be worth.

## IV

It is in England and in Germany that the undramatic critics have been permitted to disport themselves most freely and most frequently. In France they have never been encouraged to pernicious speculation. That the French have not suffered from this pest may be due to the honorable existence of the Théâtre Français where the masterpieces of French tragedy and French comedy are kept alive on the stage for which they had been written; or it may be due to the fact that in the literature of France the drama has been continuously more important than it has been in the literature of any other country.

In England and in Germany the drama has had its seasons of abundance and its seasons of famine, whereas in France, although there might be poor harvests for a succession of years, harvests of some sort there always have been. No period in French literature is as devoid of valid drama as that in English literature during the first three quarters of the nineteenth century. From 1800 to 1870 the plays of our language which were actable were unreadable and the plays which were readable were unactable. It is in the periods of penury, when there is a divorce between literature and the drama, that the undramatic critic is inspired to chase rainbows. As there is then no vital drama in the theatre, and as the pieces then exhibited on the stage have no validity, the undramatic critic is led to the conclusion that as the theatre can get along without literature, so the drama can get along without the theatre. And that way madness lies.

There is this excuse for the supersubtle critics of the Italian Renaissance that they lived not long removed from the middle ages in which all memory of the acted drama had been lost and in which the belief was general that the comedies of Plautus and Terence had been composed, not for performance by actors in a

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theatre and before an audience, but for a single reciter who should deal with them as a modern elocutionist might stand and deliver *Pippa Passes* or *The Cenci*. But there is no excuse for the English-speaking expounders of Sophocles and Shakespeare, because they cannot help knowing that the plays of the Athenian were written to be performed in the Theatre of Dionysus and that the plays of the Elizabethan were written to be performed in the Globe Theatre.

The writer of the chapter on Shakespeare in the composite *Cambridge History of English Literature*, deals skillfully and cautiously with the dates of composition and performance of each of the plays; but he criticizes them with no examination of their theatrical effectiveness. It is scarcely too much to say that he considers them as dramatic poems intended to be read rather than as poetic dramas intended to be acted. And in one passage of his commentary he has given us the absolute masterpiece of undramatic criticism:

> It is, of course, quite true that all of Shakespeare's plays were written to be acted; but it may be questioned whether this is much more than an accident arising from the fact that the drama was the dominant form of literature. It was a happy accident, because of the unique opportunity this form gives of employing both the vehicles of poetry and prose.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

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# MUSIC OF THE MONTH

## CONCERNING MAHLER

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

GUSTAV MAHLER and his symphonies continue to be a storm-centre of impassioned discussion wherever music is a factor in public taste.

In Europe they persist in the amiable habit of giving Mahler Festivals—week-long affairs devoted to serial performances of the Austrian's brobdingnagian scores; and in our own relatively benighted land we are not allowed to starve for lack of Mahlerian sustenance. Mr. Stransky with the Philharmonic Orchestra and Mr. Mengelberg with the National Symphony have served us in New York, this season, the First and Fourth Symphonies; Mr. Stock in Chicago has given the Seventh (for the first time in America), and in Philadelphia Mr. Stokowski, with his orchestra and Mr. Townsend's chorus, brought the season to a resounding close with a memorable performance of the huge Second Symphony.

But the "Mahler Question" is no nearer settlement than it ever was. Discussion concerning his qualities as a music-maker persists with unabated fury, dividing those who (like Mr. Mengelberg, Mr. Stokowski, and innumerable European musicians of eminence and experience) regard him as one of the great men of music, from those who (like most of our American critics) regard him as the abomination of desolation. Mr. Mengelberg, for instance, ranks him with the major symphonists—with Beethoven and Berlioz.[1] Mr. W. J. Henderson, for another instance, sees in him only the inspiration for a delectable pun, and deplores our affliction by "Mahleria." For ourselves, we choose to remain on the fence, for the simple reason that we know only four of Mahler's nine symphonies. Mr. William Winter, to be sure, once asserted that you do not have to eat the whole of an egg to tell whether it is bad or not. But the creative work of a

[1] The conception of Berlioz as a major symphonist is Mr. Mengelberg's, not ours.

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man's lifetime is hardly so simple a proposition as an egg; and, moreover, Mr. Winter was probably the most intolerant, bigoted, and intellectually unscrupulous critic who ever achieved distinction in this or any other civilized country, despite his scholarship and his mastery of English prose. So we can safely ignore his breakfast-born parable. When we have heard Mahler's *Lied von der Erde*, and his third, fifth, sixth, seventh, and ninth symphonies, we shall endeavor to decide for ourselves whether he is an authentic genius or an inflated mediocrity.

Meanwhile, there is no reason why we should not consider calmly, and without prejudice, certain phases of his output as a composer.

A dozen years ago, upon the occasion of the first performance in New York of one of these celebrated symphonies, Mr. Richard Aldrich summed up with precision and justice Mahler's special relation to the tendencies of his time: "He occupies," said Mr. Aldrich, "a curious and rather anomalous position in the field of modern orchestral music. He is no follower of the modern idea of the 'programme' in music, as it is most characteristically embodied in the work of Richard Strauss. What he writes he calls 'symphonies,' though they are symphonies often in only a rather loose acceptance of the term. They do not follow closely, sometimes they do not follow at all, the outlines of symphonic form. Yet he does not intend them to be listened to as the interpretation of any prearranged programme; he objects to having any programmes laid down for his music, or even to permitting any thematic analyses to appear in the concert-room where it is played, though detailed analyses of his symphonies have appeared elsewhere, apparently with his sanction. The story is told that at a supper after a concert where his C minor symphony was played, he broke out into a denunciation of 'programme-books.' Springing up from the table, he cried: 'Away with programme-books, which beget false ideas! Let the public have its own thoughts about the work performed. . . . Let no preconceived ideas be instilled into it!' . . . Yet Mahler himself has given in many of his works hints, and more than hints, of underlying poetic ideas outside and beyond the music itself—wherein is to be found much of the essence of the programme-music idea.

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". . . Mr. Mahler, who wrote explanatory titles and mottoes to the movements of his first symphonies, ended by publishing them without any, to be listened to as purely absolute music."

With Mr. Mahler's views concerning the worthlessness of that pestiferous fly upon the tonal wheel, the programme-annotator, there will probably be few to quarrel. But when Mr. Mahler, gazing with indignant compassion upon an afflicted public as he wiped his streaming eyes, begged that "no preconceived ideas be instilled into it," he forgot, as Mr. Aldrich indicates, that he himself had not been guiltless of interfering with the public's "own thoughts about the work performed." Dr. Rudolf Mengelberg, in his programme-notes for the Mahler Festival held at Amsterdam in May, 1920, quoted what he described as "a short synopsis" prepared by Mahler for the performances of his First Symphony at Budapest in 1889, at Hamburg in 1892, and at Weimar in 1894. In this "synopsis," says Dr. Mengelberg, Mahler "wrote somewhat extensively" concerning the programmatic significance of his symphony, which both Mr. Stransky and Mr. Mengelberg played a few months ago in New York. Apparently Mahler was not then so passionately eager to leave the public to "its own thoughts" in the presence of his music.

In Mahler's "synopsis," the First Symphony was divided and characterized as follows:

I. Spring and no end. The Introduction portrays the awakening of Nature on the first morning.

II. Mosaic.

III. Under full sail.

IV. The Hunter's Funeral Procession: a Dead March in the manner of Callot. As an elucidation, the following, *when necessary*, may serve: The composer found the stimulus for this music in a grotesquely humorous picture, "The Hunter's Funeral Procession," contained in an old nursery-book well known to all children in South Germany: The animals of the forest escort the coffin of the dead forester to his grave; hares carry the bannaret, and a band of Bohemian musicians, accompanied by music-making cats, toads, crows, etc., together with deer, foxes, and other four-legged and feathered woodland animals, in comical attitudes, escort the procession. This movement is intended as the expression of a mood now ironically merry, now gloomily contemplative, and is followed at once by the last movement, "From Hell to Par-

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adise" (*Allegro furioso*), as the impetuous outburst of a sorely stricken heart.

V. From Hell to Paradise.

When this symphony was given at Pesth in 1889, the programme described it as "a Symphonic Poem in Two Parts." At Weimar, in 1894, it was entitled "Titan" (after Jean Paul Richter), and the motto: "From the Days of Youth," was given to the first part, while the second part bore the tag: "*Commedia umana.*"

What it all means (or seems to have been intended to mean), Heaven only knows. The connection with Richter's romance is not easy to trace. Some have thought that Mahler was poking fun at the programmatic music-makers of his day—though it is difficult to think of Mahler as satirical to that extent. Dr. Rudolf Mengelberg, in his Amsterdam notes, dared to speculate as follows:

> Though Mahler in this synopsis uses the word "ironical," the term bears no relation to the dominant spirit of the whole composition, but has to do only with the middle portion of the work, which expresses the forced gaiety of a deeply wounded heart. There is so much sadness in this music, so deep and tragical a grief, that the thought of irony would hardly occur to an unprejudiced listener; and as the song of sorrow dies out, the deep consolation that is inspired by the wonderful song of the 'cellos would entirely obliterate all ideas of irony.

As for Mahler's accredited apostle, Paul Stefan, he has observed naïvely that "a programme is unnecessary." Possibly. But the composer, at one time, seems to have thought differently.

A few weeks after the performances of the First Symphony in New York, Mr. Mengelberg played the Fourth, which was by no means unknown in the metropolis. This symphony, like most of Mahler's other works, is steeped in mystery. Mr. Stefan, undaunted apostle that he is, confers upon it the soothing epithets, "shorter and more peaceful." But those are, of course, relative terms: Mr. Stefan means shorter and more peaceful than the huge Third Symphony, which is in six movements (the first alone filling three quarters of an hour), and requires a female chorus, a boy choir, bells in the distance, an alto solo, and a huge orchestra; offering us in its programmatic contents the awakening of Pan, a Procession of Bacchus, an angels' chorus, and an eventual

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transit "from the land of Zarathustra into the Christian heaven." No wonder Mr. Stefan found it needful to requisition the adjective "cyclopean." No wonder, also, that after this formidable symphonic dinosaur, the Fourth Symphony seems to Mr. Stefan "shorter and more peaceful." Almost any symphony would seem so—even the turbulent *Domestica* of Strauss.

Mahler's Fourth is really, however, a quite simple and digestible affair. In it Mahler basks and revels in that atmosphere of elaborately contrived ingenuousness and naïveté that he loved so dearly. For Mahler was only a little less happy when he was approximating the style of a folk-song than when he was trying to duplicate one of the gigantic musical "jubilees" of the late Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, with their choruses of 20,000 and their 2,000 instrumentalists reinforced by cannon-shots and anvils. His imagination aspired to the grandiose and the apocalyptic with as unterrified an audacity as if his ancestral memories were rooted in the dreamer of Patmos. He believed that he could speak at will with the artlessness of the Bohemian countryside or in accents weighty with mystical revelation. One can imagine him fancying himself at his ease among those illuminated beings described by Plato in the *Phaedo:* "They hear the voices and oracles of the gods, and see them in visions, and have intercourse with them face to face; and they see the moon and stars as they really are." You perceive him in one of his comfortable strolls across the evening landscape, noting the familiar processes of the sky and the moon and the "wind on the heath," and telling himself, with Jasper Petulengro, that "life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"—and then, suddenly remembering that he is a Symphonist with a Revelation, calling out, as one divinely chosen:

> Bring me my bow of burning gold,
> Bring me my arrows of desire—

like an inconceivably solemn Blake.

"The solemn is safe," said Browning; but he was not thinking of the solemn in art. It is unnecessary to attempt an appraisal of the aesthetic worth of Mahler's dallyings with the apocryphal, or to guess at the real value of his immense portentousness. It is enough to note here that it constitutes one extreme of his

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astonishing imaginative gamut—this quality which his spokesmen call his "heroic sublimity, the pure exaltation of the gods themselves." The other extreme is seen in his passion for the naïve, the intimately candid and heart-easing—a conveyance (whether spontaneous or skillfully simulated) of peasant humor and simplicity, the homely ingenuousness of the folk-spirit, "rich and human, smelling of sun-baked fields and smoky kitchens, yet tender and many-colored." Mahler in this vein is undeniably engaging and persuasive, even touching, when he does not sustain it too inexorably; and it is the vein of the G major Symphony.

The words sung by the soprano voice in the last movement are those of an old Bavarian folk-song, *Der Himmel hängt voll Geigen* ("The heavens hang full of fiddles") drawn from the famous anthology called *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. The poem, which is too long to quote, describes with inimitable gusto and naïveté a perfect peasant-paradise of the Middle-Ages: a delectably literal and materialistic heaven where the suppressed desires of the mediæval folk achieve a glorious consummation—a paradisaical home-life filled with merriment and ease and gastronomic satisfactions, where game, fish, vegetables, wine, and fruit may be had for the asking, where hares and deer run invitingly about the streets, and bread is baked by angels. St. John brings forth his lamb, St. Luke his ox. Herod is the butcher, St. Martha the cook. Cologne's eleven thousand virgins dance without teasing, while Cecilia and her relations make an excellent court orchestra, and St. Ursula smiles benignly upon the revels.

When Walter Damrosch performed this work of Mahler's at a concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall Nov. 6, 1904, for the first time in America, he observed in his introductory remarks that it was not possible to say whether the poem influenced the character of the whole work, or whether the first three movements impelled the composer to resort to the poem as the final accentuation of his imaginative plan. But Mr. Krehbiel in his *Tribune* review declared that the soprano solo "comes at the end to present an index of the contents of the preceding movements, somewhat as the tenor solo prologue does in Berlioz's *Romeo et Juliette* symphony. The vital difference

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between the procedures of the two composers (the advantage manifestly resting with Berlioz) is that one prepares the hearer for what is to come, while the other tells him the significance of what he has heard."

We come now to the last of the Mahler symphonies heard in these parts during the season just ended—the Second, impressively performed by Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra on May 6th and 7th, at the Academy of Music in that admirable city toward which you can proceed hence "every hour on the hour."

The work is vast in conception and projection. It is a tonal allegory of the life of man—a deeply-felt and passionately earnest portrayal of his sufferings, despairs, felicities, aspirations, his death, resurrection and spiritual triumph. To express these emotional and imaginative immensities, Mahler calls for an instrumental apparatus that must ever be the despair of those directors and guarantors of orchestras who have to dig into their bank accounts and pay the inevitable deficits incurred by that most expensive of luxuries, a modern symphonic organization. Mahler requires here, in addition to the ordinary orchestral forces (with "as many strings as possible"), a brass band with kettledrums behind the scenes, an organ, soprano and alto soloists, and a mixed chorus.

When we heard this work in Philadelphia, it was magnificently sung and played by Mr. Stokowski's forces and the admirable chorus of Mr. Stephen Townsend, and there was then no denying the extraordinarily affecting quality of many pages in the score (it occupies an hour and forty minutes in performance). It is in some respects the most musically memorable of the four Mahler Symphonies that we know. There are dull spots in the first and second movements; but the Scherzo and the contralto solo contain writing of singular beauty, and the Finale—the music of resurrection and spiritual fulfillment—is superb and overwhelming. Mahler need not have written another page than this to have deserved, in Mr. Swinburne's phrase, to be "remembered with distinction and mentioned with honor."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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# PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

PERFECTION is not so often attained that we could afford to overlook the example of it which has been presented in the reception and entertainment of Professor Marie Sklodowska Curie in this country. We might adapt to the occasion the tribute which *Punch* many years ago paid to Joseph Chamberlain on what was probably the most trying episode of his career, that he had "said just what he ought to have said, and done what he ought to have done." There was no affected lion-worship, nor was there the slightest failure to recognize the surpassing greatness of the guest. All that was said and done was, we are sure, just what she would have liked, had it been given her to prescribe it in advance; which was of course, as we have suggested, the perfection of hospitality. Most felicitous was the presentation to her of a quantity of radium, of which, although she was its discoverer, she had not formerly possessed an atom; and equally felicitous—if there were a super-superlative we should use it—was her announcement that she should use the rich gift in study and experimentation for ridding the world of what has to-day become its most formidable and terror-bearing scourge, the protean-formed lesion of cancer. Memory fails to recall another visit of a distinuished guest to this country which was entitled to be regarded with more complete satisfaction than this.

Germany at the eleventh hour agreed to the demands of the Allies, and thus condemned herself beyond salvation. She had been protesting, down to the last moment, that the thing was impossible. But just as Ferdinand Foch was about to order a forward movement of the French army, she suddenly discovered that the impossible was entirely possible and indeed easy. So she began paying the indemnity. It is interesting to recall that July 14 next will be the fiftieth anniversary of France's payment



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of 500,000,000 francs to Germany as the first instalment of the tribute exacted from her in Bismarck's scheme to "bleed her white." That was just one-tenth of the total sum demanded, the amount of which had been fixed less than five months before. The last instalment was paid and the entire tribute liquidated, to Germany's vast chagrin, on September 5, 1873, about two and a half years after it was imposed, and the last detachment of the German army of occupation was then reluctantly withdrawn from French soil. The last place thus evacuated was Verdun, a fact which gave peculiar interest to the resolute resistance of that place to the attempted German reoccupation in the Great War. It is not unreasonable to reckon that the sum then exacted from France was, in the circumstances of that time, as formidable as that now demanded from Germany; the difference between them being not in amount but in the fact that the one was simply the blackmail-ransom demanded by a piratical conqueror, while the other is a just claim for reparation for merely a part of the damage and loss wantonly inflicted. Another difference, wide as the world, is seen between the way in which France promptly paid without demur, and that in which Germany, with an almost inconceivable resourcefulness in false pretenses, has tried to evade payment.

The Parliamentary elections in Italy resulted in a sweeping victory for the National Coalition party, which supports the ministry of Signor Giolitti. Perhaps the more gratifying way of regarding it is as a defeat for his opponents, to wit, the Socialists and Communists. These lost heavily, as they deserved to do. The election was held under the "*scrutin de liste*" plan, instead of the "*scrutin d'arrondissement*" which formerly prevailed, a fact which makes the result seem all the more impressive. Some credit for the result is no doubt to be given to the "Fascisti," who were active in the campaign. Their methods cannot always be approved, being too often based upon the dangerous principle of "fighting the Devil with fire," but their aims are admirable and inspiring. On the whole it is made clear that the Italian people are opposed to the subversive elements which have been trying—to adapt Gladstone's famous phrase about the Italian Bourbons

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—to erect negation of all authority into Government. With this result decisively attained, and with much talk of economic and industrial improvement, the outlook for Italy is now more favorable than it has been for a number of years.

Within the course of a few hours the Nation was bereft of two of its most eminent, its most honored and its most useful citizens. As Interstate Commerce Commissioner and as Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane had served the nation for many years, with profit to everybody but himself. Entering that service with a competence, he became impoverished because the insufficiency of his salary compelled him to draw upon his personal means for support and his devotion to the public interests forbade him to divide his time between official duties and private enterprises, and he was driven to retire from the Cabinet in order to save himself and his family from actual penury. But he did so too late, work and anxiety ending his life before he could fairly begin to recoup his fortunes. It was a pathetic close of a career which for nearly a score of years had been distinguished for an efficiency, an integrity, and a blending of idealistic vision and of practical achievement seldom rivalled by a public servant in all our history. As a political and economic reformer, Senator, and Associate Justice and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Edward D. White made for himself a record which was about as nearly *sans peur et sans reproche* as anyone could hope to achieve in such a career. A strong partisan and a devout churchman, neither party nor creed ever swayed him in his service to the State, nor did any critic ever suspect him of political or sectarian bias. He honored the seat which had been occupied by Jay and Marshall, and confirmed the wisdom of those who gave to our Supreme Court its unique status as a branch of the Government coördinate with the President and the Congress. They were two great men, and great Americans.

Mr. Edison's questionnaires, which he himself prepared as tests of the competency of those seeking places in his employment, have provoked much discussion pro and contra, and no little merriment; and while they must be regarded as an egregious

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example of *lucus a non lucendo*, they have doubtless served a useful purpose. In the main they are almost exactly the opposite of what they should be. They were far too much taken up with technical questions, ability to answer which would indicate chiefly either some specializing in study or a memory of the card-catalogue order, and contained too few questions calculated to test general intelligence, powers of observation, and the reasoning faculties. Thirty or forty years ago it was a common and not entirely undeserved criticism of the early competitive examinations for the Civil Service that candidates were asked to give the length of the longest river in Africa or the population of the largest city in Asia, instead of practical questions about the duties they were to perform in the public service of the United States. Mr. Edison has fallen into the same error; cluttering up his questionnaires with a multiplicity of matters with which the memory should not be taxed at all but which should be left for ascertainment when needed from convenient books of reference, to the neglect of those which would show the candidate's capacity to adapt himself successfully to the duties he seeks to perform. It is conceivable that a man might accurately commit to memory the whole of Napier's logarithms; but would it be worth while?

The President deemed it fitting, as indeed it was, to travel from Washington to New York to participate in celebrating the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of *The New York Commercial*, and made on that occasion a most felicitous address on the place, duties and responsibilities of the men who are leaders in business affairs. By interesting coincidence only a few days before a distinguished company of statesmen, men of letters, educators and publicists had assembled in Manchester, England, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of *The Manchester Guardian* and the fiftieth anniversary of its present editor's connection with it. On both these occasions a wealth of appreciation was lavished upon the newspaper press, all of which was doubtless both sincere and deserved; though it is impossible to avoid the reflection that some of the eulogists might be quite as ready the next day to inveigh against the evils of the press, and

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indeed that the papers which merit highest praise are not at all exempt from danger of incurring censure. Entirely apart from what is known and deprecated as "personal journalism," there is really no other profession quite so intensely personal, so human, as journalism, or so deeply marked with both the virtues and the frailties of human nature; a fact which was by no means least conspicuous in the tone of both these anniversary commemorations.

The change of administration in Cuba is more personal than political, and is significant chiefly as a confirmation and vindication of what has been done during the last eight years and as a promise of persistence in the same wise and profitable policy. The administration of President Menocal placed Cuba for the first time upon a sound governmental basis and gave the island a degree of substantial prosperity seldom attained by any other nation in comparable circumstances. President Zayas has the experience of affairs and the force of intellect and of character requisite to continue building upon the same foundation, and the whole tone and substance of his inaugural message indicated that he has also a resolute intention so to do. The part played by the United States, chiefly through General Crowder, in effecting this happy consummation has been as creditable to this country as it has been welcome to Cuba, and has afforded another vindication of the wisdom and mutual beneficence of the relationship between the two countries which was established by the Platt Amendment.

The amenities of intercourse were raised to the *n*th degree in the recent controversy between the Russian Council of the People's Commissaries (Bolshevists) and the International Federation of Trade Unions at Amsterdam. The Commissaries began it, through their chief, Mr. Zinovieff, who wrote from Riga to the Federation a letter in which he referred to the Federation as "your yellow Amsterdam Internationale," denied its claim to represent thirty million organized workers, and declared that it had "gone over, body and soul, to the mortal enemy, the bourgeoisie." To this the Federation, through a committee whose names are worthy of record, Messrs. Jouhaux, Mertens, Fimmen

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and Oudegeest, responded: . . . "You do not even possess sufficient wit to vary your insults. Your vocabulary of epithets is copious, but it is as monotonous as the stories of famine and massacre in your land. . . . We know your system and your principles. We know how the Soviets are subordinated to the Communist party, and how the latter has created a new autocracy. We know the flourishing condition of the Russian proletariat and we know the prosperity conferred by your system—on paper. And we rejoice that Central and Western Europe are, in your opinion, not yet ripe for the perfect happiness which you would wish to confer upon them." From which we venture to assume that the International Federation of Trade Unions is not inclined to turn Bolshevist.

Shakespeare festivals at Stratford-on-Avon and at Weimar were coincident in time, though quite different in spirit. The German gathering again devoted itself to the effort to demonstrate the essential Germanism of Shakespeare, and to the pretense that nobody in the world appreciates his greatness as do the members of the Teutonic race. "Shakespeare," said Professor Max Foerster, "is a far more living factor of *Kultur* in Germany than in England"; which is one of the most amazing expressions of Teutonic obtuseness and lack of humor that we can recall. That Shakespeare has been studied and his dramas played in Germany more than in any other country of the world, with the one possible exception of England itself, is not to be disputed; a fact which is, however, to be credited not so much to the initiative of the Germans themselves as to that preëminently un-German Frenchman, Voltaire. It is equally indisputable that however the Germany of Richter, Lessing, Herder, Goethe and Schiller may have been in accord with Shakespeare, nothing could possibly be more antipathetic and antagonistic to the whole spirit and purport of his works than the *Kultur* of the Hohenzollerns, Haeckels and Bernhardis of our day.

To the untutored mind three things more remote from each other and more completely dissociated could scarcely be imagined than spots on the sun, the "Northern Lights," and the breaking

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down of the telegraph system. Modern science recognizes them to be inseparably connected in a chain of cause and effect. The recent notable exhibition of the process was an impressive reminder of the existence of natural forces whose character and methods we are just beginning vaguely and rudimentarily to understand, but whose stupendous potency seems to be forever and completely beyond our control. Calculations of the distance and size of Betelgeuze and of the magnitude of interstellar spaces recently bewildered us with intimations of almost infinite vastness. The electrons of the sun spots and Aurora Borealis are a reminder of the almost infinitesimally small. Which of the two is the further beyond the power of the average mind to appreciate is a question which we should hesitate to answer.

The election and consecration of a new Bishop of New York, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is an event of far more than local and ecclesiastical interest. In the case of Dr. Manning the interest was considerably heightened by the extraordinary attempt which was made, by abhorrent forces outside of the Church, to defeat his election on political and racial grounds. This of course most egregiously and contemptibly failed, and its net result was to commend the new Bishop more strongly to the favor and confidence of the community and the nation, regardless of party, creed or race. Another enhancement of interest was due to the invited presence, in a conspicuous place in the ecclesiastical procession at the consecration ceremony, of a number of eminent clerical representatives of the chief non-Episcopal denominations; an auspicious suggestion of the possibility of systematic interchurch coöperation, if not of actual merger.

The astounding report was made, on authority, at the recent conference on highway traffic held at Yale University, that in the nineteen months during which we were at war with Germany, while only about 48,000 men were killed in battle or died of wounds, 91,000 persons, 25,000 of them being school children, were killed, chiefly by motor vehicles, on the public streets and roads of the United States. This appalling loss of life was attributed in great part to the lack of uniformity in traffic regula-

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tions, and to the lack of training of the officers who are charged with the control of traffic in cities. There is little doubt that it is also due to the variegated inefficiency of the laws regulating the driving of motor cars. A recent authoritative survey discloses an amazing lack of uniformity in automobile laws and rules, and a discreditable laxity in many States in fixing the qualifications of drivers of such vehicles. Thus in six States there are no examinations whatever to determine drivers' fitness or ability; in three, examinations are "optional"; in nine, chauffeurs only are examined; in three, certificates of competence are required; and in five, all drivers, whether chauffeurs or owners, are examined. In one State chauffeurs must be over twenty-one years old, and in five they must be eighteen. As to owners who drive their own cars, as well as chauffeurs and all other operators, in two States they must be eighteen, in seven they must be sixteen, in three they must be fifteen, and in three they are permitted to be as young as fourteen. There is a similar lack of uniformity in license fees and taxes on cars. In thirty-seven States there are no fees whatever for owners, in the remaining eleven the fees vary from fifty cents to $4. In fourteen States there are no fees for chauffeurs, while in the other thirty-four the fees range from $1 to $5. Taxes on the smallest cars, of from 20 to 24 horsepower, range from $3 to $15, while a number of States levy uniform taxes on all cars regardless of size, these taxes ranging from $2 to $10. Under such a hotch-potch, hit-or-miss system, there is a yearly death-roll of more than 57,000 persons. To say that it was impracticable to lessen that mortality would be to deny our possession of common sense; to tolerate such slaughter longer would be to incur grave reflections upon our humanity and upon our economy.

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# NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE MEMOIRS OF COUNT WITTE. Translated and Edited by Abraham Yarmolinski. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

"The most intelligent man in Russia," the German Emperor is reported to have said of Count Witte. "The only intelligent man in Russia!" the reader of these memoirs will be tempted to exclaim. Certainly Witte, as self-portrayed in these pages, is a man not only of shrewd judgment, but of boundless self-confidence. He is comparatively little influenced by the opinions of other people, does not care what they think of him, reverences no one save the deceased Czar Alexander III. At the same time he bluntly claims all the credit that is his due. "I hope that financial history will acknowledge the fact that never did Russian credit stand higher in both domestic and international money markets than at the time when I was Minister of Finances. It was not my fault that our military adventures have so thoroughly injured our credit." Such declarations occur more than once. "I have succeeded in achieving a good deal, for during my administration I doubled the railroad mileage. It is noteworthy that the Ministry of War was constantly thwarting my efforts." The tone is characteristic.

He is no less blunt, and no less assured, in his estimates of others. The Czar, Nicholas, was lamentably lacking in will power; his character "may be said to be essentially feminine." The Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaievich, while sometimes pretending to liberalism, was really in favor of an autocracy of the most unlimited and arbitrary character. "He is a mean-spirited and unbalanced man." As for the nobles, the majority of them are, politically, "a mass of degenerate humanity, which recognizes nothing but the gratification of its selfish interests and lusts." The people are guided not by reason, but by all manner of mystic impulses. Most Russians in public life can be credited with little character and even less intellect. Trepov was "a man with the broad education of a military commander and the shallow opinions of an unsophisticated corporal." Of Stolypin it is said that "unfortunately his heart was neither in his head nor in his breast. He possessed both temperament and courage, but he lacked moral stamina. As a result he demoralized and debased all the elements of Russian political life with which he came in contact." But severe as are these comments upon prominent figures, they are scarcely so quelling as Witte's brief thumbnail sketches of his lesser contemporaries. Bulygin, for example, is put down as "an upright, apathetic statesman, of mediocre intellect." These opinions are pronounced with all the assurance of history.

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In short, Witte, though a liberal statesman, writes, so to speak, autocratically.

Sergey Yulyevich Witte was born in the year 1849 in the city of Tiflis. His father was of Dutch descent; his mother was the daughter of a Russian Princess. The boy was under the care of a succession of tutors, from whom he learned little; later at the gymnasium he "played hooky most of the time." Until his seventeenth year he might have seemed destined to become an idle and more or less worthless aristocrat of the familiar type. But in that year, he says, "it suddenly dawned upon me that neither I nor my brother was doing any serious work, and that should this idling continue, we were bound to go to the dogs." After thorough preparation, the two young men entered the University of Odessa, where, says Count Witte, "I worked night and day and achieved great proficiency in all my studies."

The story up to this point, though in no way extraordinary, seems characteristically Russian. First, there is great laxity and irresponsibility. Then all is changed by an unexpected and violent exertion of will.

Witte had hoped to become a professor of pure mathematics. His graduating thesis was upon "Infinitesimal Quantities," and he was planning a second thesis, this time upon an astronomical subject, when he "fell in love with an actress and lost all desire to compose dissertations." This latter episode, however, appears not to have made him lose his head. In fact, an iron will and a steady judgment are henceforth characteristic of the man. As his relatives objected to the university career on the ground that it was beneath the dignity of a person of noble birth, he thought of fitting himself to be a civil engineer and of entering the railway service in that capacity. On the advice of an influential friend, however, he dispensed with technical preparation, becoming an ordinary railroad employee and filling various humble positions. After six months, he was promoted to the office of Director of a Traffic Bureau. Later he became Minister of Ways and Communications, and then Minister of Finances.

One sees him at this stage of his career as a man naturally strong-willed, if not overbearing, his sense of superiority strengthened by his rapid advancement, by his consciousness of solid achievement, and by the circumstance that his birth and connections relieved him of the necessity of kowtowing to most persons. At the same time, as a practical man, who had to some extent "been through the mill," he soon developed a contempt for the follies of great personages and for the inefficiency and corruption of their subordinates.

All this points to the conclusion that Witte was not so much a "Liberal" in the Russian sense (or, still less, in the American sense) as an aristocrat in whom contact with real work had developed in an unusual degree the preëminently Dutch faculty of *seeing things exactly as they are.* This is the real distinction. Witte, to be sure, was an upright man; the reactionary gang, however, with all their scoundrelism, were mainly not practical men, but dreamers.

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Count Witte was all his life a sincere monarchist. He worshipped the memory of Alexander III. If he had no illusions concerning Nicholas, he nevertheless respected him as Czar. All this is not, of course, to be counted against him in making up the account of his character and his services. But it is somewhat instructive to consider what manner of man it was who built the Trans-Siberian Railroad; who, despite powerful opposition, established the gold standard in Russia; who turned defeat into something like victory for his country by the peace he made at Portsmouth; who saved his country a second time by negotiating an international loan greater than any that had ever been attempted.

It is true that in 1905, he did not doubt the necessity of a parliamentary régime for the country. "In those days even the conservatives advocated a constitution. In fact there were no conservatives on the eve of October 17, 1905." He thanked God for the constitution. Yet he was rather opposed to the publication of a constitutional manifesto, and "gave much thought to the alternative plan of setting up a military dictatorship." These were alternative ways of *preventing revolution*—always the first thought. It is true that he realized fully the need of religion among the people; but it was through reform of the Orthodox church that he would have liked to see Russia regenerated. His view of the matter is practical and political: "Japan has defeated us because she believes in her God incomparably more than we do in ours. *This is just as true as the assertion that Germany owed her victory over France in 1870 to her school system.*" The writer of this evidently perceived no anti-climax. It is true that he advocated a humane treatment of the Jews, but here again he was quite practical, simply recognizing the facts.

"Emperor Alexander III asked me on one occasion: 'Is it true that you are in sympathy with the Jews?' 'The only way I can answer this question,' I replied, 'is by asking your Majesty whether you think it possible to drown all the Russian Jews in the Black Sea. To do so would, of course, be a radical solution of the problem. But if Your Majesty will recognize the right of the Jews to live, then conditions must be created which will enable them to carry on a human existence.' "

In international politics Witte favored a coalition between Russia, Germany, and France, which would dominate the whole of Europe—a sort of modern Holy Alliance. This can hardly be called an advanced conception.

The calculating shrewdness of the man is apparent in his deliberate and well-planned conciliation of American public opinion and the American press at the time of the Portsmouth conference. His cynicism is evident in his estimate of President Roosevelt: "To enhance his own popularity and to gratify his self-love as the initiator of the Conference, he wanted Peace, but a peace advantageous to the Japanese." A kind of Machiavellian spirit flashes out in him occasionally, as in his advice to Kuropatkin on the eve of the latter's departure for the East: to arrest Admiral Alexeyev, the commander in chief, and send him a prisoner to St. Petersburg. The advice was good, and no doubt

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if it had turned out badly for Kuropatkin, less harm would have ensued than most people would have supposed!

The monarchistic views, the hard practicality, the somewhat arrogant spirit of the man, are not emphasized with any intent to belittle him. His services to his country were prodigious; he was no doubt "the most intelligent man in Russia," and he was also entirely honest. He was a great statesman—as great as the Russia of his time could conceivably produce. The striking fact is that even a Witte could not succeed. He failed, not because he was an ultra-liberal, an idealist, a great reformer; for he was none of these things. He failed *in spite of the fact* that he was upon the whole conservative, absolutely loyal to the Czar, hard-hearted, strong-willed to the point of brutality, able at all times to see things exactly as they were. To read the life of such a man, to appreciate the senseless attitudes he had to contend with, is to gain a new insight into the Russia of the Old Régime. Witte's views, apart from his bitter characterizations of opponents—and these are, no doubt, exact enough—are of large interest. His diagnosis of Russian public opinion at the time of the First Soviet, for example, is remarkably clear and convincing—different groups all wanting, nominally, the same thing, but wanting it for different reasons, each for a narrow or selfish motive. Here one finds the true explanation of the lack of Russian unity. But the man's whole life, the sort of man he was,—these considerations are as illuminating as any of Witte's judgments or revelations. That Witte could not save it is almost the final commentary on the Czardom. Russia, perhaps, did not deserve a Washington or a Lincoln. But Providence sent her Witte. As soon, however, as the Government felt itself safe from the immediate danger of revolution it practically banished its savior.

"I am neither a Liberal nor a Conservative," Witte was wont to say. "I am simply a man of culture. I cannot exile a man to Siberia merely because he does not think as I do, and I cannot deprive him of civil rights because he does not pray in the same church as I do.' But he was too advanced a thinker for the Russia of his day.

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THE LIFE OF WHITELAW REID. By Royal Cortissoz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

When Whitelaw Reid became editor and proprietor of the Xenia *News*, on July 23, 1858, he was not yet twenty years of age. It is characteristic of him that he at once made this small-town newspaper a force. He had even then an uncommon power of analyzing great issues, and his work in the campaign for Lincoln "stamped him," says his biographer, "as an effective journalist." But it was not merely as an editorial writer that Reid was finding himself. He had an instinct for news, and while catering intelligently to a public that sincerely wanted to know "the best that had been thought and said in the

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world," he printed whatever had the greatest interest for the greatest number. Thus, he got out an extra on the great Heenan-Sayres prize-fight, remarking editorially, "The simple truth is that everybody is interested in the fight and everybody reads about it." The one stable feature of the paper was a collection of pure literature—the poetry of Whittier, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, and Bryant; fragments from British and American novelists or essayists. Yet an early issue bears the announcement that "a great deal of matter is crowded out this week by the report of the murder trial which will be found in our columns." He printed with a "scare-head" the despatches announcing the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable. "That," says Mr. Cortissoz, "was the kind of news he craved." There was, in short, nothing naïve about the Xenia *News*. It did not in the least resemble the crude country weekly of humorous tradition. It was the work of an unusually intellectual and also an uncommonly enterprising young newspaper man.

His genius as a journalist, proved by his success as a war correspondent in the field and as a reporter in Washington, was early recognized by Horace Greeley, who fairly insisted upon having Reid as his right-hand man on the *Tribune*. Promoted to what was practically the post of managing editor, he at once demonstrated his inborn fitness for the task. His judicious supervision left the utmost freedom to a good workman; his power of winning loyalty and creating enthusiasm was matched by the thoroughness of his attention to details. It is said of him that "there never was an editor quite like him with a blue pencil, so swift to see where an article could profitably be cut, so skilled in the art which Mr. Howells once described as the art of 'joining the bleeding parts.'" His influence was scarcely, if at all, less than that of Greeley, but his conception of his function was sounder and more modern. He was a "personal journalist" with a difference—not, as his biographer well says, "an oracular editor," but rather "an editorial oracle."

Yet it is not as a journalist that Reid chiefly impresses the reader of his biography. If he was a born newspaper man, he had also, like Delane of the London *Times*, as Mr. Cortissoz points out, a "genius for politics." The particular significance of his life-record seems to be that it is the story of one who not only influenced public opinion but guided events by his counsels. His participation in "the great game of President-making, of unremitting activity in national, State, and local politics," stretches from Lincoln to Roosevelt. Throughout his career he is distinguished by an unusual blending of high aims with practical insight. He thus stands a little apart from those of his contemporaries and associates who were chiefly newspaper men, chiefly men of culture, chiefly politicians. And it is not altogether due to any partiality on the part of his biographer that he seems to furnish an excellent standard by which to measure the others. It is a sign of his sanity that while he was jealous of his independence and not sparing of criticism, he was able to keep his friends and to work within his party. A most valuable type of citizen surely—the public man who joins a lofty conception of duty to a *flair* for the

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political game, who knows when to play the part of Warwick, but has no excessive fondness for the rôle of King-maker.

Independent Reid undoubtedly was, but in a purely pragmatical way. Independence was not with him a religion. He was not a Mugwump, but a party man. "He upheld what he called 'the sacred right of bolting and scratching' not as a fetich, but as the practical resource forced upon honest men by actual conditions." Similarly he was skeptical in regard to new parties. "Parties," he told the readers of the *Tribune*, "are not made; they grow." If he broke with the Republican Party for a few years, he did so not in spleen but simply because he found it necessary to fight Grant and his people, and because he saw that he could do this to the best advantage from the outside.

Thus, his whole course of action seems remarkably consistent. He changed neither his principles nor his practical creed of expediency. He was faithful to both when he declined to be lured back prematurely into the fold. It was represented to him that if the *Tribune* would only say, "Blind and reprehensible as are many of the acts of the Republican Party, it is still the great party, etc.—As for the Democracy—salary grabber nominated for Speaker, etc. —there isn't salt enough to save it, etc."—if the *Tribune* would only take this line, it might lead the party and have an influence and circulation unparalleled in journalism. Reid's character and his perspicuity were more than equal to the occasion. "Practically," he told his correspondent, "we have said again and again all that they suggest to you. . . . Their actual wish is that the *Tribune* should squarely defend Grant and the Administration against assailants. Their grudge against the *Times* is that it has refused to do it in certain flagrant instances."

On the whole, it is remarkable how little purely interpretative work Mr. Cortissoz has found it necessary to do in elucidating Reid's character and achievements. It is only occasionally that the biographer finds it advisable to guard against a misunderstanding. He needs scarcely more than mention the legend that Reid abetted Chase in his rivalry with Lincoln: in fact the story of the relations between Chase and Reid reflects credit upon both men. It is easy enough to show that Reid was in no way responsible for Greeley's Presidential ambitions. "While Reid did more than any other single man to promote Greeley's candidacy, *once it was launched*, he did not invent it, nor did it, in the stages preliminary to launching, wholly commend itself to his judgment." In the narrative, there is much politics, but little material, apparently, for controversy. Mainly Reid's words and actions speak for themselves. "My aim," writes Mr. Cortissoz, "has been to show from documentary sources what Whitelaw Reid thought and did, and in so doing to make plain the man that he was." He has, in fact, written the political history of a period, with Reid as its central figure—a record painstaking and exact, showing the man in his setting. The biographer, though adequately appreciative of character, seems generally to resist any temptation to indulge in anything like personality sketches, with the result that better proportion

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and emphasis are attained than would be possible in a more colorful presentation. Reid is emphasized, not eulogized. When Mr. Cortissoz gives us his own impressions—as when he describes the files of the Xenia *News* as a window opening upon Reid's early life, or when he points out that Reid's activities in connection with Greeley's nomination were the real beginning of his success as a diplomatist—he really gives helpful hints toward the understanding of his subject. But for the most part this sort of thing is not needed. The facts are salient. The whole narrative is remarkably clear-cut, definite, and convincing. One cannot help feeling that this workmanlike, thoroughly informed biography is just the kind of record that Reid himself would have approved.

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GREAT AMERICAN ISSUES. By John Hays Hammond and Jeremiah W. Jenks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Whether we like it or not, we all have to attend the school of political experience. We may be, and often are, dull or indifferent pupils, but here we are, in the school. We are for the most part ill provided with text books; there is no lack of books designed for those who go to the lesser schools, but there are few precisely suited to the needs of the student in the biggest school of all. Here we have to learn what we can by observation and reflection. The lessons for the day are always the urgent issues of the time, and the discussions that go on about these are usually neither systematic nor fundamental.

*Great American Issues* is essentially an educational book—a book for thinking people who know that their student days did not really end when they graduated from high school or college. It is extremely well suited to the needs of thoughtful citizens. True, a book might be written on any one of the subjects dealt with in its several chapters—the struggle for good government, labor and capital, the standard of living, unemployment, immigration, competition and big business, the tariff, to name a few. But what the authors have aimed at has been, apparently, to present only the essential considerations and to draw only the obviously legitimate conclusions. In this they have been conspicuously successful. Necessarily condensed, and a little dogmatic in tone, the book is no mere primer, but a sober discussion written in an interesting and even a challenging style.

What wins confidence is the breadth of view of the authors combined with their willingness to pronounce definitely upon questions which, though still more or less debatable, are ripe for summing up. There is evidently not only a fresh overhauling of the questions studied but a judicious weighing of the best opinions. And the premises are sound. "Those who follow this discussion throughout," say the authors, "will realize that the power behind all political, social and business enterprises is the individual man. They will see that hope for better democracy, better society, and better business, lies after all in a better breed of men." Modern conditions, however, require modern

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methods; and "it is no accident that every move for better government in recent years has been along lines approved by the experience and practice of business."

The authors favor a budget system, reserve judgment on the various plans for regulating the relations of capital and labor, express an opinion in general favorable to minimum wage legislation, suggest the creation of a Federal Business Commission, advocate further restriction of immigration, emphasize the need of a protective tariff under present conditions. On the whole, their attitude accords with the present mood of the country—a mood of conservatism tempered by progressive tendencies. Surely the discussion of many subjects is less partizan than formerly and there is a greater disposition to recognize opposite interests and points of view. The kind of action recommended by Messrs. Hammond and Jenks is in general that which seems most practicable at our present stage of civilization.

The book is by no means lacking in effectiveness of expression. "A bald statement that competition is beneficial," say the authors, "has no meaning whatever. . . . One might as well say that eleven o'clock is a good hour. . . . Eleven o'clock has in itself no goodness or badness, no religious, moral, ethical, or utilitarian quality whatever. Neither has competition." If this is obvious, the need for such wisdom is no less so, and simplicity in illustration, no less than brevity, is the soul of wit. The authors have succeeded in putting their tariff philosophy into a nutshell: "The tariff thus is an element in the distribution of incomes which causes the expenditures of the less thrifty to take the form of new capital in the hands of the more enterprising element of the population. In the end this benefit of thrift and industrial enterprise spreads throughout all classes." Throughout the book, unobtrusive skill in exposition makes possible the expression of much thought in little space.

Perhaps there is no other book quite like this of Mr. Hammond's and Mr. Jenks'. It is in its way something new in the world. Possibly what really strikes one as somewhat novel and encouraging is that a book like this implies a very large and at the same time a highly intelligent body of readers.

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